THE LIVING AGE.

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HOME IN DUBLIN.

I gave her bread and bid her lead me home,
For kilt she was with standing in the cold,
An' she, the creature, not turned eight years old.
She went before me on her small bare feet,
Clutching some papers not yet sold,
Down Westland-row and up Great Brunswick-street.
Sometimes she'd turn and peer
Into my face with eyes of fear.
She'd hunch her rags in hope to find some heat,
And stare at shops where they sold things to eat.
Then suddenly she turned,
And where a street lamp burned
Led me along a narrow dirty lane.
Dim glass and broken pane
Stood for the windows. Every shadowed door
Held childher of the poor
That sheltered from the rain.
Through one dark door she slipped and bid me come
For this was home.
A narrow stair we had to climb
To reach the topmost floor.
A hundred years of grime
Clung to the walls, and time
Had worked its will. Tenants the like o' these
The landlords don't be planning how they'll please.
A smell was in it made you hold your breath:
These dirty houses pay the tax to death
In babies' lives. But sure they swarm like bees,
Who'd wonder at disease?
The room held little but a depth o' dark;
A woman stirred and spoke the young one's name.
The fire showed no spark,
But presently there came
A slipeen of a girl who made a flame
By burning paper, holding it torch-fashion,
Thinking, maybe, the place would stir compassion.
A bed there was where seven took their rest,
A dirty mattress and a lidless chest
That served for cradle. Near it stood
A table of dark painted wood.
Foreninst the grate a chair
With three legs good.
The place was bare
Of any sign of food.
The light burnt out. The young one found more paper
And kindled it for taper,
This time I saw above the bed
Our Lady in a robe of blue,
A picture of our Saviour's head,
Thorn crowned. The light fell too
On the child's frightened face,
The wretched dirty place.
And so I spoke of what the priests might do,
Of them that help in such a case.
They'd send the child to some good Home,
And never let her roam
About the streets half-dead
With cold and hunger.
They'd teach her and befriend her,
Wash her and mend her,
They'd see her clothed and fed,
And in a decent bed.
She'd have her brush and comb.
From every sort of hurt
They would defend her.
All this I said,
And paused to let them speak.
The child had caught her mother's skirt
And pressed her cheek
Against her arm,
As if she feared some harm.
So, clasping her, the mother shook her head.
"You have a right," said she,
"To leave her here with me.
Heart broke in such a place she'd be—
The creature loves her home."

W. M. Letts.

The Westminster Gazette.

DAWN SONG.

When mine hour is come,
Let no teardrop fall
And no darkness hover
Round me where I lie.

Let the vastness call
One who was its lover,
Let me breathe the sky.

A. E.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS PROBLEMS.

There has been a lull in American activities during the past month, suggesting perhaps the effect of the Christmas season, but the real causes for this quietude lie deeper than any holiday spirit, and possess a far greater international significance. In this case it is the lull after, rather than before, the storm. The new tariff law is now in full effect, and the dire disasters predicted by high protectionists and the political opposition have failed to materialize. The Currency Bill has taken form much after the fashion in which it will soon become a law, and while it has its sincere critics, the money market reflects no great fears as to its future workings. The stagnation of business which has prevailed for some months past in such severity as to amount almost to a panic, is nearing its end, and in January or February will begin a gradual revival of American business which will carry far, even, perhaps, to a period of unusual activity and prosperity. The Mexican situation drifts along under the waiting and watching policy of the American Government, to a solution of sorts, one which will in time bring more or less peace to the Mexican people without involving the United States in the dangerous adventure of serious armed intervention.

The threatened outbreak of "Anglophobia" is being averted through a more sympathetic co-operation between the English and the American Governments, brought about largely through the efforts of Sir William Tyrrell, who, whether he visited Washington in an official capacity or not, found himself immediately on arrival in the position of American interpreter to the British Foreign Office. Every intelligent Englishman who visits America finds it necessary to disabuse his mind of the impression conveyed by a remark attributed to the American Ambassador recently to the effect that America is still "English-governed and English-led." The truth is that America has produced a new race, purely American in physical characteristics and in mental view-point. There is less similarity between this new American and the Englishman than there is, say, between the average Englishman and the average German. Even the language is distinctly American in its use and meaning. The ideals of America resemble those of England, but even in these there are marked divergences due to difference in temperament, environment, theory of government, and the conduct of life generally. So long as the English people look upon America as "English-governed and English-led," just so long will there be occasional differences of opinions, misunderstanding, and clash of purpose. When it becomes fully recognized that in America has grown up a new and distinct nationality, with its own ideals and point of view differing materially from those of any other people, then will a better and more permanent understanding between the two nations come to pass, and not before.

All through this Mexican disturbance there has been every desire on the part of the two Governments to avoid friction, or even a semblance of disagreement, but England at first failed to grasp the real situation, the natural feelings of the American people, or the personality of the man in the White House at Washington, upon whose shoulders rests the entire responsibility of the conduct of his Administration. An air of mystery prevailed as to the absence of the British Ambassador from Washington at critical times, and altogether a serious misunderstanding

was imminent, not between the English and American Governments, but between the English and American peoples. Ambassadors and others could deny in public that there was any friction between the two Governments with absolute truth, but the fact remains that ground was being laid for a repetition of such troubles as arose from the Venezuelan incident of President Cleveland's Administration, and this largely by England, through a misunderstanding of what was going on. In brief, the drift was towards the rocks, from which it would take time and trouble to salve Anglo-American friendship.

Fortunately the man from the British Foreign Office who was chosen or who chose to visit Washington at this particular time, arrived with an open mind, and was blessed with a clarity of vision which stood him and his Government in good stead. He found that a most unfortunate and severe illness was the sole cause of the absenteeism of the British Ambassador. He went to the White House expecting to meet a college professor temporarily in high political place, and found a strong man of high ideals and positive convictions, upon whose shoulders rested all responsibility. He found the American people standing behind the President, regardless of party, in his efforts to do right and avoid any actual armed intervention in Mexico, for the reason that such intervention would inevitably unite the Mexican people more quickly and more effectively than any reagent which can be suggested, but, however, for the purpose of resisting the attack of a common enemy from without, rather than to secure better government within.

That these matters were promptly reported to the British Foreign Office, and that the British Government acted immediately and along obviously suggested lines is in evidence, not only in the occurrences of the past few weeks, but in the almost complete disappearance of the strain so apparent in Anglo-American relations a month ago. It has been said that if President Wilson finally emerges from the Mexican situation with credit to himself and peace to the Mexican people without having had to use more than a show of force, he will be acclaimed a great statesman, and credit will be given him for the carrying out of a policy determined upon in the beginning, and carried through consistently to a successful end. Such credit will not be his due, for there is little doubt that he was in great perplexity in the beginning as to what policy to pursue, and in ignorance as to the practical possibilities of Mexican politics. At first he talked much of a wise and good man for the presidency of Mexico, who was to be elected by a majority of the Mexican people. As he became more familiar with conditions as they really were, and with the limitations of the Mexican people as a self-governing community, this theory rapidly disappeared, and the more expedient policy of countenancing what would best and quickest bring about peace and order in that distressed country, took its place. There being no open road toward such a result, the only course possible was to wait, keeping a watchful eye upon events, encouraging here and checking there such symptoms of progress or of retrogression as might appear, hoping each day that there would be born of the moment a man, or group of men, who could establish a safe, conservative, and authoritative oligarchy such as rules in the countries of South America, where greatest advance has been made. In the meantime the disturbers of the peace preyed one upon the other, and together cast their blight upon the country, its people, and its interests. The situation is difficult, but no other

practical solution suggests itself, nor has one been advanced by those quickest to condemn the present method of procedure, or rather the present method of doing nothing. The Wilson policy in Mexico to-day is that of watchful drift, which will probably win out in the end. The fact that Mexico suffers in the meantime is as nothing to the suffering which would come to conqueror as well as to conquered should the United States at this writing adopt the more energetic and positive plan of sending troops across the border in the effort to enforce good behavior. There is always the imminent possibility that armed intervention may become necessary. The effect such an intervention would have upon Mexico and the Mexican people would be of little consequence to the world as compared with the results in America and the effect upon the American people. To what these might lead would concern all nations.

The political situation of the United States at the present time is unique in the recent history of that country. Party organization has practically disappeared. Loyal Republicans are in the doldrums; the Progressive leader is in South America, and with him lies the only reason for the existence of his party; the Democratic party shows little sign of life or concentrated purpose, and apart from its hold upon the White House, is rent in twain through the antagonisms of its factional leaders, William Jennings Bryan, now nominally Secretary of State, and Oscar W. Underwood, the party leader on the floor of the House of Representatives. Party politics and a desire to bring all sections of the party under his control led President Wilson to include Mr. Bryan within the Cabinet circle. In this position he was less to be feared from a political point of view than if he were ranging unemployed outside the official family. There is a general belief, however, that he is now less concerned with the really important affairs of the State Department than is his chief, the President of the United States. No man in the President's Cabinet is a person of dominating intelligence or power. With his influence over Congress assiduously and successfully cultivated by all the means in his power since his accession to office, President Wilson stands almost alone in his responsibility for the wisdom and timeliness of everything that is done. While this power has its advantages it also has its great responsibilities, for the good or the evil to come to the people from a Democratic Administration will be laid at his door personally, and he will be unable to shift any of the blame, if there be such, to the party shoulders.

The American people as a whole place little hope in the Democratic party, but throughout the country there is a decided tendency to have faith in President Wilson. The people believe he is strong and honest, and that his ideals are high. They admit his inexperience in many things, but believe he is learning rapidly. They will be lenient with his mistakes, if his accomplishments outweigh them. In brief, President Wilson is getting not only a square, but a kindly deal at the hands of the American public, and if fortune favors his administration he will reap his reward. If the Mexican situation solves itself without serious trouble, if no bad effects are apparent from legislation he inaugurates, and, above all, if no evil times come upon business and industry during the next two years, he will again be chosen as a leader by the Democratic party, and unless the spirit of new life and organization reunites the opposition, he will again be elected President of the United States. The Republican party organization is at the moment in an apparently helpless condition. A committee of experts has been called in

consultation to prescribe treatment for loss of vitality and effectiveness, but no compelling plan has yet been presented. That younger wing of the party, the Progressives, led by Theodore Roosevelt, is resting hopefully and confidently in the conviction that its intrepid political warrior will in good time lead it to victory. In brief, there are but two dominant forces in American politics to-day: one is Woodrow Wilson, President, and the other is Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President, who plans to return to the White House later on. The party organizations, once all-powerful, have been succeeded in importance by personalities, and unless the regular Republicans discover another personality to catch the eye and votes of the American people, they will be compelled to fall into the line of the redoubtable Colonel's political procession, or be content with a bad third place at the polls at the next Presidential election. It has been suggested that a conservative and tried Republican might be found whose name would bring the wandering voters back to the fold, and some ingenious political mathematicians are even able to drag ex-President Taft from the academic shades to which he has retired and again elect him President of the United States. Here we enter the domain of guesswork, however, where all probabilities disappear and become merely possibilities dependent entirely upon events not as yet even dimly outlined upon the screen of the future.

Unquestionably the greatest factor in the political future of America will be the state of business and industry during the next two years. One great blow has come to the Democratic party now in power; the cost of living has not been and will not be reduced to the people by the new tariff law. The ultimate consumer is the man most concerned and the man who votes. It is already proved that a reduction of import duty by one-half does not necessarily mean any appreciable reduction in retail price to the small buyer. Politicians with small knowledge of economic and fiscal matters promised much to their constituents as the result of lower duties. These promises have not been fulfilled. Tariff experts and business men in foreign trading knew this would be the outcome, but as the importer, the middleman, and the retailer were to absorb most of the benefit, and testimony from them would have been considered by the public as an impertinence, they said nothing, adjusted their sails to the change of wind, and steered accordingly. The politicians are alarmed. A commission has been appointed by Congress to find out why the people do not get the benefit of reduced rates. The result of the inquiry can be anticipated, for it will be shown that the slight actual decrease in cost is lost on its way to the ultimate consumer.

To divert public attention from this failure to help the people to live, renewed attack will be made upon Big Business on the ground that there is to be found the cause of high prices. This sort of thing will go on, in one form or another, so long as it is necessary to play politics, but in the meantime one conclusion seems inevitable, and that is that recent tariff legislation originating in party politics, fought on party lines, and conceived by those who brought it about as a purely political move, has finally and effectively taken the question of the tariff out of the American political field. Should the Republicans return to power the people would never consent to re-enacting the higher schedules of old. Should the Democrats remain, they will do no more with the tariff than to correct certain phases which, as time progresses, may be found to be in error. In brief, whichever party or faction of a party secures control of

Congress in the future, there will be no more tariff legislation than is necessary to put the whole question upon a more scientific basis, and this will in the end result in the creation of a board of tariff experts in whose hands will be left the initiative for suggested changes in the law. The American people have been demanding for years that the tariff be taken out of politics, and, at a moment when it seemed that the tariff was more deeply involved in politics than ever before, it is thrown out by a natural process of elimination, leaving the politicians bewildered at the sudden, and to them unaccountable, loss of their time-honored shibboleth. The American people do not yet realize what has happened to this old political stage-property, but as talk of future campaigns begins again, they find themselves minus one of the so-called "great issues," in fact, one over which great political conflicts have been waged, and parties driven from or elevated to national power. This is really the greatest accomplishment of the Wilson administration up to the present time, and one which was not enrolled upon the list of benefits to accrue to the people in return for the gift of control. It is, however, whether accomplished wittingly or unwittingly, an unqualified blessing to the vast and varied business of the American continent.

American politicians are scanning the business field of their country with anxious eyes from their own particular and selfish point of view. The "ins" are looking for prosperity to continue them in favor with the voters. The "outs" would not view a period of dull times with the same dismay as their opponents, for, whether caused by bad crops or Government incompetence, general business distress would be charged against President Wilson and his following by the people at large. It was said that the late President McKinley was so firm a believer in the power for good of the Republican party, that he attributed the great harvests of the years of its ascendancy directly to its control of State affairs. While said humorously there is considerable truth in the old saw that "good harvests mean votes for the party in power," and if good harvests mark the next two years of President Wilson's administration they will make votes for him and his organization.

For some time past finance, business, and industry in the United States have been stagnant; in fact, the sag has been so great that severe strain has come to many concerns, and a few have broken under it. It cannot be said that there has been an acute panic, but it would not have taken much to have brought about such an effect. The attitude of the general public to-day, affected as it is by the stagnation of the Stock Exchange and other ready-money enterprises, is pessimistic towards the immediate future. Behind all this there is a promise of better things, based upon a reality. The end of stagnation is in sight to those who deal with the needs of industry far into the future. The barometers of business conditions in America are the great supply corporations, touching, as they do, all lines of human activity. The orders they receive to-day are for work that only becomes visible to the public eye months hence, and their forecasts are based upon actual knowledge of what is going to happen, and not upon any general optimism. These barometers of the near future are now "set fair" for the months to come, and it is practically known that early in the New Year there will be a general quickening all along the line of business and industry, which will soon bring about another era of good times. Even during the past months of depression there have been no tales of

serious hardship in the Middle West and Western States. Business has been active, money fairly easy, and banks prosperous in consequence. It is upon the big industrial and financial centres of the East that stagnation has fallen, and, with this gone, the country will soon recover its normally optimistic tone of life.

One of the most serious features of American industrial life is concerned with the persistent hammering by the Government, through the courts, of the great manufacturing and exporting combinations of capital. Through lack of control these industrial combinations, or "trusts," as they were called, grew with tremenduos rapidity and acquired a power which they ofttimes abused. By the time public attention was called to these abuses in an effective manner they had spread far and wide, and business methods obviously illegal and against public policy had become part of the system of doing business in a big way. It was also true that these abuses had been tolerated for so long that interference was resented; in fact, from the point of view of men conducting these enterprises, they had become right and necessary to successful merchandising on a large scale. The people, however, driven to desperation by the increasing cost of living, the driving out of the smaller firms, and the obvious control of prices exercised through monopoly, high tariffs, agreements and other familiar methods, and the notorious corruption of legislatures and courts by those with power to buy or influence, demanded their curtailment. Politicians then found it more expedient to attack, rather than to serve, the purposes of these business interests, and members of Congress and would-be office-holders vied with each other in their efforts to pull down what in times gone by they had assisted materially in building up. Reform ran amok in this direction, and apparently there is as yet no check upon the fury, real and assumed, with which the pursuit of the "trusts" is being carried on. To break monopoly and to prevent abuse of money power, backed by far-reaching organization, is one thing, but to destroy the big business of the country when low productive cost is necessary to secure competitive power is another, and the wrecking of some of the most wonderful business organizations of the world is seriously threatened unless something happens to enable the public mind to discriminate between good and evil in the form of industrial enterprise. At present it would appear from the trend of political action as though it was all evil, for a great business is now a fair mark for anyone appealing to the public for political support, and the man who dares lift his voice in behalf of an organized industry need hope for nothing and confidently expect nothing but disapproval. Whether a saner point of view will prevail in time, and prevent the utter destruction of the big systems of production it is hard to say. The evil effects are already apparent, and not the least of these is the now existing antagonism between government and business, whereas the greatest gains to the people as a whole would be intelligent and open co-operation between the two forces. This is really the most serious question with which President Wilson finds himself face to face, for upon him will fall the responsibility of deciding upon the limitations of the campaign against Big Business which is now being carried on in Washington. He will be judged in the future not only by his record of accomplishments, but also by the measure of his restraint in yielding to unintelligent clamor. His responsibility is great, for he will be

called upon to strike the keynote for the entire party. He was elected in 1912 on his promises for the future. He will be voted upon in 1916 on his record of fulfilment.

James Davenport Whelpley.

The Fortnightly Review.

A POST-ROAD THROUGH THE SYRIAN DESERT.

By Gertrude Lowthian Bell.

I.

"Guest of the night and the huge wilderness."—*Doughty.*

Travel is not all—I fear it is too little—a serious performance. Even in countries where unrecorded chapters of history, expressed in terms of crumbling wall and scattered potsherd, of abandoned road and waterway, enrich every path, I will warrant that the attention of the gravest explorer will not be occupied exclusively with their deciphering. And if the course of the modest archæological enterprises that I may have to recount should be enlivened (as is indeed probable) by cheerful company, good fellowship, and rambling talk, why should not such matters find their place in the tale? The mind refuses to be fixed forever on high themes; it breaks away to thoughts connected with the camping-ground that lies at the end of the day's march; it falls into musings that centre round the comfort of a seat cushioned by camel packs, when the friendly sound of the pounding of coffee beans shall mingle with the bubbling of the narghileh and the crackling of thorns upon the hearth. To these things awakened memory returns, and, more than these, to the great majesty of the waste, to the encompassing silence of its nights and days, to the unbroken passage of its sun and stars from verge to verge of the world.

In the spring of 1909 I sat in the guest-chamber of the Mudir of Kubeisah, an oasis that lies four hours' journey to the west of the Euphrates, and listened to the accounts offered to me by the assembled company concerning the post-road across the Syrian desert. On one point all opinions were unanimous: it would be difficult in that year of unwonted drought to penetrate farther than the first stage upon the way, the ruined fortress of Khubbâz, six hours west of Kubeisah. My informants added that there were two other ruins yet farther to the west—"Amej and Muhaiwir." "Are they old?" said I. "Old?" echoed one of my interlocutors. "They are from the first time." To Khubbâz I went, carrying water with me, and concluded that it must have been a small guard-house of the Mohammadan period constructed during the great days of the Khalifate, when the direct road between Baghdad and Damascus was more frequented than it is at present. Thereat I turned south and came presently upon the Mohammadan palace of Ukhaidir, standing solitary in the sands of the Wâdi al-Ubaid. That story I have told elsewhere. But the problem presented by Khubbâz and by those two other unvisited ruins "from the first time" remained in my mind, and, when in January 1911 I was preparing to return to Ukhaidir, I determined that I would take no other route than the desert post-road, and follow the mediæval track, the existence of which seemed to be indicated by the guard-house of Khubbâz. The direct line across the Syrian desert from Damascus to Hit on the Euphrates is not unknown to Europeans, but those who have crossed it have travelled in great

haste, riding night and day with the camel post; and thus it is that the few points of interest upon it have never, so far as I know, been adequately described.

I reached Damascus on the 17th of January, and found my servants and my pack-horses waiting for me. They had marched down from Aleppo through deep snow, and we thanked God, prematurely, that the sharpest days of winter were over before we had yet entered shelterless ways. I did not intend to take the horses and muleteers over the post-road, where even in mid-winter water is scarce, and corn at all times unobtainable; my plan was to send them by Palmyra to Dair al-Zôr on the Euphrates, and thence by the high-road to Hît. From Damascus to Dair al-Zôr there is a caravan track with a few villages upon it and gendarmerie stations at long intervals, where the caravan could find water and food, and in cold weather a lodging. It is four days' march to Palmyra, and four or five more to Dair, while ten days' easy journey down the Euphrates brings you from Dair to Hît —nineteen or twenty days at a loose computation, and of those but eight or nine through the Syrian desert. For my part, I proposed to take with me only the Aleppine Fattûh, a well-tried companion, and travelling as light as winter outfit, water, and food-supplies would permit, I reckoned that we should need twelve to fourteen days to reach Hît. I was therefore anxious to give the caravan a few days' start, but before I sent off the horses it was necessary to make sure of my own camel transport.

There lives in Damascus a man who is reputed to be one of the best authorities on all that concerns the desert. He belongs to the tribe of the 'Agail, which was famous as early as the days of the Prophet, and is now known as the merchant tribe among the Beduin. In the spring the 'Agaili shaikhs bring the camels of Mesopotamia and Arabia to the markets of Syria and Egypt—I have travelled from Palmyra in their company. Their wide experience of all parts of the wilderness, and the terms of friendly neutrality on which they stand with the great nomad communities, give them high qualifications as guides, and in this service they are esteemed both by private traders and by the Government. The family of Shaikh Muhammad al-Bassâm has houses in Basrah, and on the Red Sea, and in Central Arabia. They do a considerable trade with India, and they are respected not only for their wealth, but for their generous hospitality. They befriended Doughty in his perilous journey through Nejd, and to many another traveller they have given cause for gratitude. To Muhammad al-Bassâm I went, and asked his advice in the matter of camel-hiring. He did not conceal from me that my project presented difficulties. It was winter, and the camels had not come in from the warm Eastern deserts: "And your Excellency understands that the town-bred camels you see here are of no profit in the Shâmiyyeh [the Syrian desert];" the tribes were restless, there had recently been a rising in the South; still, with the help of God——! He sent one of his servants next morning with Fattûh to the Maidân—the long bazaar quarter which stretches out from the city like a handle from the bowl of a spoon. Here is the seat of native commerce, and here the camel market, for it is in the Maidân that caravans are formed and broken up. Fattûh came back triumphant. A master of camels had been found who would provide me with a good *dulûl* (a riding camel) and with four *ba'irs* (baggage animals). The bargain was to be concluded at Muhammad's house that evening, and thither I repaired at dusk.

It was the time of the return of the Hajj from Meccah. The Shaikh's supper-table was spread nightly for all pilgrims who could claim acquaintance with him or with his kin, and in his guest-chamber a numerous company was assembled when I appeared. Each man as he entered gave the salute to his host and took his place upon the divan which ran round the room, where he was served with coffee and various forms of tobacco. 'Abdullah, Father of Camels, a small and lean 'Agaili, haggled long over the bargain —so long, that the white-turbaned mullah who was my neighbor upon the divan went to sleep during the proceedings. Bassâm, a dignified figure wrapped in a gold-bordered cloak, his head covered by a flowing Indian kerchief and crowned with an immense gold-bound *agâl*—the double rope that fastens the Arab head-dress—sat with his hands folded, and at times he lifted his head and exclaimed, "Oh, 'Abdullah, we would finish, wallah! Shall we sit all night in this talk?" And at times he turned to me and observed: "In the winter they go not gladly across the Shâmiyyeh. It is cold, God knows how cold is the Shâmiyyeh. If you would but wait until the spring you should have a hundred dulûls." In the corner of the room was seated a jovial personage who was made known to me as Muhammad al-Na'mân, Shaikh of Kubeisah. When the bargaining hung fire he engaged me in a lively conversation on the merits of his native oasis, and to 'Abdullah he was loud in exhortations to make up his mind and proceed with the business, face of Allah! At length we came to terms. I was to have the five camels as far as Hît for £T35; the hiring of the camel-drivers and the feeding of the animals were to fall to 'Abdullah's charge, and one of his men was to undertake the grooming of the mare, which on Bassâm's advice I was to bring with me, and to give a hand to Fattûh in the pitching and striking of tents. For a guide we should take the returning Messenger, the camel-postman, whose arrival in Damascus was daily expected, since 'Abdullah declared that he did not know the Shâmiyyeh, truth of Allah! nor yet the watering-places. No sooner was a settlement reached than the sullen countenance of the Father of Camels relaxed into a cheerful human expression, which it continued to wear during the rest of our acquaintance. The decision was taken, and the issue was with God—for good, please God!

Shaikh Muhammad al-Bassâm, loudly seconded by him of Kubeisah, had still some hints to give me. We were to carry with us plenty of provisions, above all coffee and tobacco, so that we might offer entertainment to any whom we met; raiding parties especially were susceptible to such attentions. "You will ask them to your tents," said Muhammad al-Na'mân, "give them coffee and dates, and they will not touch you—no, by the Prophet!" The fountain of his abundant speech was stayed by our host, night having come upon us, and with it the hour of the evening prayer. He rose from the divan, and addressing the assembled party, said, "Will you pray?" The Mullah woke up hastily, adjusted his turban and divested himself of his cloak, while Muhammad's nephews brought from an inner chamber a large white felt rug, which they laid on the south side of the room. Ten or fifteen of the guests got up, and having cast off their cloaks and thrown the ends of their kerchiefs loosely behind their shoulders, ranged themselves in lines upon the carpet, the Mullah in front to lead the prayer, and Bassâm at the end of the last row. They made the due number of prostrations, and at the close the Mullah, still kneeling, turned to right and left, and blessed

those who had not joined in the devotions. These last had continued to converse in low voices, paying little heed to what was going forward; perhaps they had said as many prayers at Meccah as were necessary to salvation, on the principle of one of my muleteers, who formulated his simple views of the religious obligations enjoined upon his class in these terms: "Muleteers never pray. Once in our life we make the pilgrimage, and that is enough."

Next day the caravan was despatched, escorted by a pair of zaptiehs, and armed with a permit which had been given to me by the Vâli. It was understood that I should join my servants at Palmyra, and another pair of zaptiehs had been placed at my disposal when I should be ready to start. I did not make official declaration of my programme, because an objection might not unreasonably have been urged against it, on the ground that an escort could not cross the Syrian desert by the post-road, and that while the Government would remain responsible for me, they could take no steps to ensure my safety. The sleet was falling when I ran out at dawn to bid farewell to the muleteers, but we were not disturbed by the inclement weather, being persuaded that it could not last. We were mistaken: how could we have foretold that we were to witness the severest winter that had visited Asiatic Turkey in the memory of living men? The snow closed down upon us; fierce storms from the north-east were said to have rendered the desert impassable, and a prolonged interruption in the service of the Baghdad mail told us that the report was true. We waited a fortnight, trembling for the fate of the caravan; but, when at last the sun had shone intermittently for a day or two, we prepared once more for departure. The post had not come in, and it was held that the Messenger must have perished in the snow, but a guide had been found in the person of none other than Muhammad al-Na'mân, Shaikh of Kubeisah. He, it seemed, was anxious to return to his native place; and though he was extremely reluctant to cross the Shâmiyyeh without an expert in tracks and watering-places, pressure from my firm ally, Bassâm, and the manifest advantages to be derived from journeying with one who would furnish not only raiding parties but also himself with coffee, tobacco, and all other luxuries, induced him to take the risks depicted by his lively imagination. Bassâm was well pleased with this arrangement, for Kubeisah is an oasis renowned for its palm trees, and the Shaikh, besides having a good personal position owing to his friendship with the head of one of the powerful subdivisions of the 'Anazeh, is known to all the smaller tribes, who traffic with him for dates.

As we packed the baggage into camel-loads Fattûh observed—

"The whole Maidân is coming with your Excellency across the Shâmiyyeh."

"What!" said I, not a little taken aback. Fattûh amended his statement to suit the literal European mind.

"Six merchants who have business on the river travel with us. For them a foreigner is better than a guard of zaptiehs."

They were, as I subsequently learnt, sheep merchants, who drive a primitive trade with the tribes on the Euphrates, after the manner of their forefathers. Since time has no negotiable value and a fat lamb commands a price, these hardy capitalists reckon nothing of the quarter of a year which they spend in shepherding their slow-footed investments across the high desert at the season of the springing grass. And the custom of the land gives them passage.

It is at Dumair, a village seven caravan hours east of Damascus, that the

camel-post enters the desert. Thither Fattûh and I betook ourselves unostentatiously in a cab, having despatched the loaded animals on the preceding day. We drove through the olive-groves and fruit-gardens of the town, then through vineyards, then through wide stretches of cornfields strewn with villages, until at last cultivation dwindled, the bare fingers of the desert thrust themselves between the sown fields, and the villages gave place to black tents of the Agaidât. For half our way we followed the Palmyra road, but where it turns north over the barren eastern hills, the Jebel al-Sharqi, we left it for a muddy track which runs due east to Dumair, and having half our day's journey behind us, we paused here to water the horses at a brimming irrigation stream. Fattûh whipped out his account book and presented it to me for examination, his face taking on the expression of mournful gravity proper to the recital of expenditure. The coachman drew his ragged coat together, in vain hope of baffling the strong cold wind, and looked on sympathetically.

"Damascus," said Fattûh, with a melancholy shake of the head, "is very dear. Effendim, a rati of meat costs 38 piastres, and in Aleppo 3 piastres. A whole sheep must cost £15 here."

"Oh, sir," expostulated the coachman, "on account of the cold. It is not ever thus."

"All is dear," said Fattûh firmly. "Look you, I have been twenty-three days in Damascus, and not once have I sat in a coffee-shop."

The coachman was impressed by the solemnity of this statement.

"God is merciful!" said he. "Is it not your custom to enter the coffee-shop, or have you no silver?"

Fattûh weighed the question. "Perhaps," he replied judicially, "I had but little silver."

Outside Dumair we met the Father of Camels riding on a pony. He had come to guide us through the morasses in which an unmetalled road is apt to founder after snow and rain. With his help we ran the carriage aground on a rocky island composed of rubbish and brickbats which rose out of the middle of a sea of mud, and there I abandoned the coachman to his fate, and mounting 'Abdullah's pony, forded the streets in the wake of a citizen of Dumair who had prepared a lodging for us.

Village architecture on the frontiers of the Syrian desert is not enlivened by any play of fancy on the part of the builder. It is grimly utilitarian. The mud-built or mud-plastered walls stretch their ungracious length along narrow crooked streets, blank, save where a rickety door opens into a courtyard scarcely less deep in mud or dust, as the season may determine, than the street itself. The ungainly dwellings, flat-roofed and a single storey high, stand round the courts, two rooms or more according to the size and wealth of the family; but whether the owner be rich or poor, the rooms are alike stuffy, dark, and cold in winter, and in summer stuffy, dark, and cool. Above the huddle of ephemeral structures there rises in the very heart of Dumair the stone frontal of a Roman temple. The mud hovels crowd about its walls; the pilastered cella is heaped with filth and refuse; but the noble solidity of its masonry and the austere lines of its massive pediments invest it in those mean surroundings with the vigor of a great architectural tradition. Dumair, which is probably the ad Medera of the Peutinger Tables, was always an important outpost of the fruitful Damascene plain. A Nabatæan inscription found in the village shows that, until the first century of our era drew towards a close, the merchant princes of Petra bore sway here; the Roman oc-

cupation is attested not only by the temple, but by a fortified camp which lies some two miles to the east; a much ruined fortress of the Ghassânid Phylarch, al-Mundir ibn al Hârith, proves that some fifty years before the Mohammadan invasion the Arab allies of the emperor of the West held the desert frontier.[1]

I rode out to the camp in the afternoon. It lies beyond the mud-walled cornfields and vineyards of the Dumair oasis, on a rocky platform at the foot of the hills. We passed by the ruined arches of an aqueduct surrounded by broken stone sarcophagi, and entered the square enclosure of the camp by the Porta Prætoria. Of the four gateways the southern, the Porta Principalis Sinistra, is the best preserved; on the S.E. side of the Principia there are the remains of a building which was probably the Armamentarium, and W. of the Via Principalis traces of the barracks, which, according to Brünnow's reckoning, must have held 720 men, an estimate in accord with the infantry strength of the Cohors Equitata Miliaria indicated by an inscription of Lucius Verus as the garrison of the camp. The growth of the village of Dumair has been fatal to this outpost of Western civilization. The fine cut stones have found new uses in the walls of house and garden, and the Turkish gendarmerie barracks close at hand have been built out of the spoils of the earlier defences. It was long since I had stood in one of these splendid memorials of the Syrian limes, and as I rode away from it I felt that I was bidding farewell not only to the Roman empire, but to European predominance, which ceased here upon the edge of the unconquerable waste.

My host was a man of substance. He assigned to me a large windowless room, spread at the upper end with felts, wherein Fattûh disposed my camp furniture. At my doorway stood a beautiful dulûl, and I presently discovered that she belonged to the Messenger of whose advent we had despaired. The worst of the weather had caught him while he was still on the eastern side of the desert, and he had sheltered in the tents of the Dulaim until the melting of the snow. His name was 'Ali, he was an 'Agaili on the father's side and his mother had been a woman of the 'Anazeh. Shaikh Muhammad al-Na'mân rejoiced long and vociferously at this fortunate encounter, which relieved him of responsibility, and over the coffee-hearth we came to terms with 'Ali. He was well satisfied with the prospect of a profitable journey in our company, the outgoing mail having been despatched with the second Messenger who had overtaken him while he lingered in the Dulaimi tents. The Government employs a staff of six Arabs in this service. They are paid twelve mejidehs a month (about two guineas), with food, tobacco, and a riding camel provided; but in the spring scarcely a post sets out from Dumair without one or two of the Damascene sheep-merchants in its train, and the takings of the postmen are swelled by their gratuities. The native will give a couple of mejidehs in bakhshish; Bassâm had told me that £T3 would be a sufficient reward from me, and 'Ali asked for no more, though I did in fact raise the sum to £T4. The coffee circle was fully attended that evening, and I, too, received a constant succession of vis-

[1] The plan of the temple was published by Butler, "Ancient Architecture in Syria," p. 401. Both temple and camp have been studied by Brünnow and Domaszewski, "Provincia Arabia," vol. iii. p. 181. On the N.E. corner of the temple there is an inscription of Philippus Arabs, whose birthplace was not two days' journey to the S.W. of Dumair, dated in the year 245 Brünnow and Domaszewski are, however, of opinion that his work was merely the adapting of an older building, probably a porticus, to hieratic purposes, and they read the date of another less well preserved inscription upon the lintel of the W. doorway A.D. 148-9. Of the three inscriptions which have been found in the camp, the earliest is that of Lucius Verus, dated A.D. 162. In plan it is very closely allied to Lejjûn, a fortress of the Roman limes in Moab.

itors; my host's two wives—one was a pretty bride of a week's standing, still wearing her wedding finery—being particularly assiduous. One or other came into my room every few minutes with a salutation upon her lips. "Hajji, how is your health?" "Praise be to God!" I responded. "Thank God!" she returned. "God keep you, Pilgrim, and restore you to your own country."

The Shaikh would willingly have delayed in Dumair another day, for the morrow was Friday, an inauspicious day for the beginning of a journey. "Stay," said our host, "and you shall say the prayers here in the mosque ere you set forth." "God knows it were best!" sighed the Shaikh; but I refused to be moved from my purpose, and next morning, after the infinite delays inherent in Oriental preparations, we started, a company of fourteen souls. In half an hour we reached the gendarmerie station, and there, by the spring, encountered a solitary camel-rider watering his beast; he was the incoming Messenger, newly arrived from Baghdad. We stopped to ask the latest news of tribes and water-pools, and while we talked some soldiers ran down from the guard-house to take stock of our party. But though they looked at me suspiciously, they asked no questions, and having exchanged salutations, we turned our back upon the last inhabited house this side of Kubeisah, and swung out into the wilderness. On our left hand the barren hills that skirt the Palmyra road trended away to the north-east; on the right the sombre landscape was diversified only by a few conical hillocks, spurs of the volcanic Tulûl al-Safâ; before us stretched the huge steppe, naked and empty, gray under swiftly charioted rain-cloud, and withal the most exhilarating prospect that the eye can behold. For a brief moment of the spring it is covered with grass and flowers; pale bulbocodium clusters under the rocks, the scarlet tulip lifts its cup above a crinkled whorl of leaves, the iris spreads its blue wings on the lip of arid water-courses. But the year had been so cold that neither grass nor flowers had sprouted, though sometimes the sparse and ungrown herbage would cast a faint glimmer of green over the plain ahead. The west wind drove us on. Towards noon we reached an outcrop of rock that lay in smooth and shelving surfaces fifteen or twenty feet high. Under the rock the earth had been hollowed out, and in the cavities thus formed the rainwater had collected, as it would collect under the eaves of a gable-roof: Hawâyâ al-Rashîd, the ditches of Rashîd, is the name of these pools. Most of the spring-time pools in this part of the desert are of a similar character, but the water dries up, or is exhausted by the Beduin as soon as the rains cease. We stopped to fill our water-skins; I carried eight for my party of eight persons and a mare, but it was seldom that we used them all. As I sat eating the bread and cold meat with which Fattûh had served me—not without remembrance of the many piastres it had cost us in Damascus—the wind drove a scud of hail upon us, and later in the afternoon another squall of hail and sleet swept over the desert, and rioting eastward, left the Palmyrene hills all white. We crossed a small rise with an 'alâma upon its summit, a landmark, to which I rode, but found it to be nothing but a pile of stones with some rude sheep-folds beside it. Every place in the desert has a name, and 'Ali called this ridge Abu-Humaid. From the 'alâma the landscape had the appearance of a wide and exceedingly shallow valley, bounded to the north by the mountains and to the south by a long low bank. We followed its southern edge, and presently reached a spot where there

was sparse scrub; we speak of it in Arabic as "trees," though it is seldom more than a foot high. It is much prized as firewood, and its absence during the first hours of our way was doubtless due to the activities of the Dumairi wood-gatherers. It burns with a bright, quick flame and leaves a smouldering ash on the hearth, wherein the coffee-pots stew slowly. Moreover, some of the varieties (for there are many kinds of trees), shih and ghûthâ and rimth and several more, are eaten by camels (but ghûthâ not willingly—it is a tamarisk), and some, shih in particular, which is aromatic wormwood, by Arab horses and by sheep. Few of the names are to be found in the dictionary; it is a thorny herbage connected in my mind only with the desert, and rendered fair beyond its æsthetic merits by that association. But I do not love the stinking hurmel, which is rue, and it is useless to man or beast. When, therefore, we sighted the trees, the Shaikh declared with many asseverations that here was *khatab* (firewood), and here we must camp. I entered a feeble protest on the plea that it was only four o'clock, but 'Ali avowed that there were no more trees, wallah, for many hours to come (a wholly fallacious statement), and I gave way the more willingly because another storm was hurrying up from the west. Under the lee of the bank we dismounted and, while the baggage-camels were coming up, gathered and lighted a bonfire of shih. The flame streamed away on the mad wind and gave us small satisfaction, but no matter how bleak the place, our little encampment never failed to lend it an air of homely comfort. Fattûh and I had two English tents, the flies of which had been sent on with the caravan, since we had cut down our loads as narrowly as possible, and my companions were lodged in three Arab tents of two poles apiece, the easiest of shelters to erect and the most solid of nomad tenements. The low booth, open on the leeward side, clinging to the ground with immensely long ropes, outwits the fury of the storm, and if the wind shifts to another quarter, with a hasty readjustment of the goat's-hair walls the tent has veered round also. After night had fallen I sat at the Shaikh's hearth and drank of 'Ali's bitter coffee. Muhammad, wrapped in sheepskin and woollen cloak, crouched over the glowing trees and drew at his narghileh. The windward side of the tent was well banked up with camel packs; to leeward lay the kneeling animals, their uncouth shapes touched by the flicker of the fire. As the gusts of the storm swept over us, the Shaikh would mutter an invocation or call to mind the luxuries of his house in Damascus. "Mistress!" he exclaimed, "by the head of your father, how could you leave the Garden of the World and come out into this wilderness?"

From time to time in the night I heard Fattûh hammering in the tent-pegs, and wondered how any tent could stand in that gale. About an hour before dawn his voice cried through my dreams: "My lady, my lady, are you cold?" I woke hastily, and stretching out my hand encountered a film of snow on the waterproof sheet that was strapped over my bed. The light of a match revealed a wintry scene within my tent. A foot of snow had drifted in under the canvas walls; roof and furniture were coated with a sparkling dust of ice crystals. "The snow!" shouted Fattûh above the raging wind, "the snow is like the sea!" I fished my hat and boots out of the drift, and stowed them away with the rest of my clothing under the waterproof sheet, and since there was no advantage in further activity, went to sleep again. Dawn came glimmer-

ing over a white waste overhung by a leaden sky. We scraped the snow from our tents and settled down to a cheerless day. There was no question of marching; the snow-logged tents could scarcely have been packed into loads, and from time to time a wet sleet storm blotted out the prospect. But, except in the hollows where the wind had piled it, the snow was not deep, and during the day it melted as it fell. In the afternoon, while I was cutting firewood with the camel-drivers, an exercise to warm chilled limbs, seven horsemen carrying long spears rode into our encampment through the stinging hail: Arabs, they proved to be, of the Hasenneh, a sub-tribe of the 'Anazeh, who had been caught by the storm as they rode from camp to camp. We led them to the Shaikh's hearth, gave them coffee, dates and tobacco, and a sympathetic ear. They were bearers of bad news to their kinsmen in the Jebel al-Sharqi. Seventy of the Hasenneh camels had been carried off by the Jebeliyyeh, a tribe of the Safa and the Haurân slopes—"that such things should be, with the soldiery of the Government in possession of the Haurân!" groaned the Hasenneh shaikh, who would have been as quick to resent official interference if the fortunes of the raid had turned in his favor.

We murmured our condolences: "Eh, by the truth! Life of Allah!"

"They are all thieves," ejaculated Muhammad, looking after our guests as they trailed away through the sleet with their long spears balanced over their shoulders. "Mistress, how goes your clock? Does it mount or fall?"

I pulled out my aneroid and tendered the comfortable assurance that it had risen since noon, upon which the Shaikh emitted a mollified grunt. He had been inclined in the morning to doubt the wisdom of carrying such new-fangled contrivances, which refused, when you consulted them, to return the polite reply demanded by Oriental usage. "She cannot make it go up or down," urged the sheep-merchant, Muhiyy al-Din, when the Shaikh rebuked me because I had not answered "as we would answer: it will be well, please God."

The morning broke clear and sharply cold. The snow had melted, but a frost had set in before dawn and turned the wet desert into a sheet of ice. We were a world of time in packing the frozen tents, with frozen fingers, and when we had loaded, our difficulties were not at an end, for the baggage-camels slipped and fell on the iced surface, to the imminent danger of their own bones ("Their legs are like soap!" wailed 'Abdullah) and of our possessions. To the end of our journey every battered cup or plate in our outfit was attributed by Fattûh to the incompetence of our first baggage animals. "Effendim, see here. This was what the camels did, may God destroy their dwelling!"

After an hour's march the frost gave way under the sun to sticky mud—no better an alternative—and in another couple of hours we passed beyond the zone of the snow-fall, which, but for the delays in leaving Dumair, we might have escaped. "Nasîb, wallah!" said 'Ali. "A misfortune."

To the south of us lay a shallow lake, dry in summer, near to which, according to Kiepert, stood a ruin, Qasr al-Saigal by name. I got on to my mare and galloped down to see what it might be. We broke through the ice and slush of the marsh until we reached a small eminence upon which stood the foundations of an oblong building, 8 by 14 metres in size, constructed of squared tufa blocks, with outer walls 1½ metres thick. It was divided into small rooms, but distinguished by no architectural feature

save a bevelled moulding over a half-buried window, a moulding common in the Roman remains at Dumair. Most desolate it was, a black stone heap by a frozen sea, bounded by sere and barren hills. Meantime my caravan was strung far away across the desert, and I hastened to join it, for the frequent mists, shreds of yesterday's storm, which the cold wind drove over the plain, made it unwise to let the distance grow between us. We saw a few tents of the Agaidât, a base-born tribe with whom the Bedu will not intermarry, though they are rich in flocks and herds; but at sunset we pitched a solitary camp in a shallow valley well clothed with shîh, 'Eitha was its name, and the banks above our tents were called the Tuîûl es Sâ'i, Hills of the Messenger. The wind had dropped; the sun set in a clear red glow, and as we pitched our tents a full moon swam up over the banks. The still night was disturbed only by the fears of my companions, who saw the mare, hobbled at Fattûh's tent-door, prick her ears and thought she had heard some stealthy approach. 'Ali climbed to the top of the bank and shouted, "Come not near! we are soldiers, English soldiers with consuls!" None save the empty desert listened to the warning, and the desert had seen the Greek pass and the Roman, and paid no heed to our vain deceit. I laughed next morning at their terrors, and the Shaikh answered testily, "Mistress, the mare is a liar; she sees a stone in the night and takes it for a man. But the dulûl speaks truth, even in the darkness."

Whether my riding-camel added this high sense of veracity to her other virtues I had no opportunity of judging, but I could, if I chose, be as lengthy as a pre-Mohammadan poet in detailing the good qualities of which I was conscious. Enduring she was, and gentle, fleet and sure-footed, yet it was disconcerting to find that I could not, when it came to an issue between us, induce her to do anything but that which the other camels were doing. When they stopped she stopped; when they went on she went on too, and in the same direction, unless I was prepared to face unceasing protests and struggles. I thought at first that my own skill was at fault, that I had not caught the right intonation for the "ikh-ikh" that should have brought her to her knees, and the "wahhu-wahhu" that should have induced her to pause and graze, nor learnt how to deliver the light blow upon her neck with the switch that directs her course, or upon her shoulder with the heel that quickens her pace. But after studying the methods of native riders, bred in the camel saddle, I came to the conclusion that their authority was as strictly limited as mine. It is difficult to coerce a large animal with a halter and a switch. Fortunately her desires coincide for the most part with yours. She asks nothing better than to swing on hour after hour with her mates, while you take your ease in the padded shedâd and scan the landscape from that exalted seat. And the hours of journeying pass as softly as she passes over the waste with her light, cushioned step. One beside you sings, and the monotonous chant breaks the vast silences and dies away into silence; another tells a tale of death that lurks in the wilderness and the weary flight before that pursuer. Yet I remember neither monotony nor weariness, but only the even lurch of the camel's stride, rocking the senses, and her small ears in front of me swaying with the same motion. The shadow that had lain behind crept under our feet and stretched out ahead of us, and the day's march was over. But Fattûh, to whom mules and horses are as the breath of life, regarded the great beasts with a jealous dislike. He

never learnt the camel speech; he pulled at the halter until the dulûl's bewildered head was twisted backwards upon her long neck, and he broke the cane, unfit for such usage, over her flanks. Him, indeed, she obeyed, yielding to overwhelming force, and wondering, no doubt, what evil jinn had climbed upon her back.

We were off before dawn in a hard, keen frost. Theoretically we always started two hours before the sun rose, so that, when we got into camp, there might still be some daylight during which the camels could pasture on the dry scrub; but with a thermometer standing at 26° our practice often fell short of this ideal, and the Shaikh, who had been eloquent while we were still in Damascus on the merits of early rising, changed his note in the frosty air. Yet among the most vivid memories of the journey is the singular beauty of these moonlit departures; the frail Arab tents falling one by one, leaving the camp-fires blazing to the night; the dark masses of the kneeling camels; the muffled figures binding up the loads, shaking the ice from the water-skins, or crouched over the hearth for a moment's warmth before mounting. "Yallah, my children! are we ready?" cried the old Shaikh, and knocks the ashes out of his narghileh. So we pace out over the dim wilderness, Muhammad leading on his white dulûl. The eastern sky reddens and fades and brightens again, the moon pales, and in sudden splendor the sun leaps up over the rim of the world. To see with the eyes is good; but while I wondered and rejoiced, the traditions of a primeval nomadic existence, which lie deep in the blood, woke and closed round me, and unfamiliar things fell into the order of wonted custom.

We passed quickly from the Ard al-'Eitha, the Land of 'Eitha, into the 'Ard al-Hayyil. All the Syrian desert is divided into small districts, each of which, so far as I could observe, has its own drainage-system, for the one is separated from the other by a low water-parting. The 'Ard al-Saigal, over which we had travelled on the preceding day, is exceedingly flat, and drains into the land-locked marsh of the Bahr al-Saigal. The 'Eitha is more hilly, if banks like the Tulûl al-Sâ'i can be called hills, and it drains to the south. We crossed two valleys which rise in the Jebel al-Sharqi; the first and smallest, Wâdi Kuhla wa Ada, is called after the hills from which it takes its source (Jebel Kuhla is marked by Kiepert); the second is wider, Wâdi al-Sabi'a Biyâr, the Valley of the Seven Wells. These desert valleys, which were without exception dry when I saw them, are always shallow, though they are sometimes a mile or more in width. The actual watercourse, the ghadîr, winds through their midst, and is filled only by exceptionally heavy rain. Once, in Moab, I saw them flow. Over the 'Eitha the camel-track turned in and out, following the low ground for safety's sake; we did not keep to it, but cut straight across hill and valley. 'Ali, scanning the hard ground as we rode, presently discerned fresh hoof-marks of a mare—the very mare, wallah, whose evil-intentioned rider had disturbed our rest upon the previous night. The Shaikh triumphed: "Mistress, see you! He would have fallen upon us if we had not scared him with our cries." Herewith the solitary Rip Van Winkle of a robber vanished from our ken, with nothing but a stirring of the night breezes and a twig of broken thorn to bear witness to his existence. 'Ali's powers of observation were (so it seemed to me) more credibly attested when he pointed to his own latest track, the footsteps of his camel stamped deep into the earth or sliding out into what had been, when he passed, a slush of mud

and snow; but, indeed, though I was very sceptical in the matter of the robber, I am slow to disbelieve the deciphering of Arab eyes, which from signs almost invisible read the tale of the desert. This was, if my recollection serves, the last day on which we saw the Jebel al-Sharqi, and the white summits of the Jebel al-Wustâni towering up behind them to the N.W. All the water in the western desert dries up in summer, and the Seven Wells, which lay about an hour north of our path, were, said 'Ali, already exhausted. Towards noon we crossed the Wâdi al-Hayyil, and saw to the S.W. an 'alâma which marks the Huwâyâ al-Hayyil. These, too, were said to be dry. We hoped to find water, of which we stood in need, on the edge of the 'Ard al-Murrah, the Bitter Land, at the Hawâya al-Murrah; but when we came to the pools, lying near the track, we saw only trampled mud: some Arabs of the Fuwâ'rih—a tribe that has its summer quarters near Homs, had camped hard by; they had drunk most of the water and allowed their animals to foul what remained. The Arabs are amazingly careless of the scanty supply of rainwater. They neither clear out the pools nor prevent their flocks from defiling them; but when the water becomes too muddy to use, it is from God, and they must leave their pasturages and go elsewhere. We hunted round for an hour and found at length a muddy hole from which the Arab women had just drawn water, and there we filled a skin or two as best we might, for the women refused to sell us so much as a cupful. "We have young children," they said, "that cry for water. What can you give us worth the taking?" With this delay we got no farther than the extreme limit of the Murrah, and camped in what Muhammad chose to call a hollow—no desert camp is pitched on high ground lest an enemy should see the fires—not far from some tents of the Beni Khâlid, another tribe which has its headquarters near Homs. When the day's journey was drawing to a close, the old Shaikh was ever so anxious to halt. He would ride along the low winding valley, and pulling up before a curve in the bank he would exclaim: "Face of Allah! this room is fair." "On, on, oh Shaikh," 'Ali would reply, "the next room is fairer; there are more trees." And with this we would push forward in search of a better afforested chamber.

One of the lessons which I learn with difficulty is that a traveller with Beduin guides should leave as little as possible to their discretion. 'Ali, as I came to know, showed no foresight in the choice of routes or in the division of the stages between pool and pool; and even the ordering of the camp was open to a good deal of reform. On the latter head I took my first experience that evening. At dusk Shaikh Muhammad came hurrying to my tent.

"Mistress," said he, "a misfortune has happened."

"God forbid!" said I.

"God keep you," he replied. "All your baggage camels have run away."

At this news I rose up in anger, and was not mollified to hear that the camels had been turned out to graze without even a boy to watch over them. Now it is common knowledge that camels roaming from bush to bush frequently stray so far that they are never recovered by their owners. I mounted one man on my mare and despatched the others on foot in search of the vagrants.

An hour later the Shaikh returned.

"Praise be to God," said he, "your camels have come back. Let us thank God."

We thanked God with a will, and it

is certain that the camel drivers deserved none of the credit. But a dulûl belonging to one of the sheep-merchants was never found, and the unhappy merchant made the rest of the journey on foot.

"Can you not hobble them," said I to 'Abdullah, "or tether them?"

"No, wallah," said he, "we cannot do that."

"And I can tell you," I returned with some heat, "that a boy from one of our towns, who had never seen the desert, would be wiser than you who have lived in it all your days."

"God knows," replied 'Abdullah. "We do as our fathers did, and God is He who knows what is best."

But there are decisions with which it is as well not to trouble the eternal Providence, and henceforth my camels did not pasture alone.

This incident unloosed the tongue of my comrades to reminiscence. Muhiyy al-Din had had a grim experience of the same sort when he was travelling from Kubeisah to Nejd for the purpose of buying lambs. "And beyond Shethâthâ we stopped at the tents of Ibn Hudhdhâl; Effendim, you know the Shaikh of the Amarât?"

"Yes," said I. "It is he who owns the palm garden near Kerbelâ."

"True, wallah! And one of his men went with us on a dulûl, for he had business in Nejd. We were five men on hajins."

I do not think that there is any difference between a dulûl and a hajin. Out of the immense camel vocabulary, the latter word is generally used in the Syrian desert for a riding-camel.

"Now, when we had journeyed five days from the tents, we saw upon the ground the marks of a large company of hajin-riders, and the man of the Amarât feared lest they should be raiders, and we, too, were seized with fear. Call upon the Prophet!" sighed the Damascene. "The wilderness is full of terror. Therefore we hastened and rode through the night. And at dawn we came to a well and drew water and lay down to rest, turning the camels loose, for there was good grass. And being wearied we slept, and when we woke the camels were gone, truth of Allah!"

"God is merciful!" ejaculated the Shaikh.

"Eh, wallah," said Muhiyy al-Din. "We climbed the hills and gazed about us, we searched and called. There was nothing save the earth and God. Therefore we took what food and water we could carry and left the loads in that place and went our way on foot. And at the end of the day we kneaded the water and flour into cakes, and ate and slept, putting our trust in God. Thus we travelled for three days, eating a few dates, but without water; and we quenched our thirst by sucking leaves of grass. Then, on the fourth day, we came to a deep well, and we threw a stone into it and heard the splash of water. But when we let down the water-skin the rope was too short, and we stood upon the brink burnt by thirst. Then I would have torn my cloak into strips, but the man of the Amarât perceived some great stones piled together, and lifting one of them we found another water-hole, not so deep. Effendim, God is my witness, if we had not drunk then we should have perished."

"Praise be to God," said I.

"You speak a true word," said the sheep-merchant. "And, look you, there were fresh sheep-droppings near that well, and a little farther we came to houses of hair, and the Arabs treated us kindly and sent us on our way. God give them the reward."

"And what happened to your hajins?" said Fattûh.

"Sir," replied Muhiyy al-Din, "many months afterwards I was walking in

the streets of Damascus, and an Arab stopped me and cried, 'Grace of Allah! you are alive?' And I looked and saw that he was one of the men of Ibn Hudhdhâl. Then he said: 'Your camels came to our tents led by the hajîn of him who had gone with you. And when we saw them we said: There are the mounts of the Damascene; without doubt he has been taken and killed in a foray.' And Ibn Hudhdhâl returned to me the hajînât."

"Let us thank God," said I.

"Mistress," said the Shaikh, "there was a man came up from Shethâthâ and for a week he tasted no water, but quenched his thirst by sucking grass. Allah kerîm! when he reached Kubeisah his mouth had turned black. And I, too, have known hunger. For when I journeyed from Ghazâzeh into Nejd there came with me twenty-five men of the Amarât, and thinking to find tents near at hand we took with us but little store of dates. For fourteen days, wallah, we met no Arabs, and each day we ate four dates and no more. And once we caught a rabbit and divided it among us—call upon the Prophet! a rabbit among twenty-six men!"

There is an ode written by the poet 'Amir a hundred years before the Hijrah, in which he describes the caravan leader setting forth into the wilderness, "laying on each of his train the burden of hunger and thirst." But the Shaikh's followers, like 'Amir's caravan, had been born and trained to such adventure, and I turned in amazement to the town-bred sheep-merchant.

"Oh, Muhiyy al-Dîn," said I, "you know the desert foot by foot."

"No, wallah," he replied. "I cannot guide over the smallest part of it, but however often I may cross it, all seems the same to me, and one hillock like another."

"The townsfolk cannot guide," observed 'Ali.

I marvelled the more at the merchant's boldness, in that he plunged year after year into what was always the void to him. "But you have crossed all deserts," said I.

"Effendim, all; the Shâmiyyeh every year, and I have bought lambs in the Nefûd (in central Arabia) and in the Jezireh (Mesopotamia) and from the Devil-Worshippers of the Jebel Sinjâr. Such is our business."

"How did you fare with the Devil-Worshippers?" I asked. "For I am much indebted to them."

"God keep you," he replied. "They are not of the Beni al-Hilâl, children of righteousness, yet they are good people though they have no Book. But you must not in their hearing say the name of the Devil. And once when I was with them I forgot and swore by the Shaitân, and they fell upon me, shouting: 'Oh pig! musulman! slay him!' But I lifted my hands and cried, 'I erred, I erred'; and they let me go. And afterwards he with whom I lodged told me to have no fear, for he would die before he would see me killed. So they regard hospitality. Each day a maiden brought me water that I might wash before the morning prayer. And once I said to her in jest that I had no mind for washing or for prayer, and she ran to her people and cried out, 'Muhiyy al-Dîn has seen the Melek Tâûs, the Angel Peacock!' By this name they called the Devil whom they worship. Wallah! they thought that I had beheld him and turned from Islâm. And one night as I sat with them they questioned me concerning the Hajj. And I knew what it was they would learn. For on the third day of the pilgrimage we assemble in Meccah and throw stones at the Devil, as the Angel Gabriel (God reward and save him!) taught us. And I feared to answer, but when they pressed me I said that each man threw seven stones at the Melek Tâûs. But they said

'Muhiyy al-Din does not speak truth, for in all these centuries the stones would have grown into an immense mountain.' But I said, 'I take refuge in God! they are removed.' Then they pondered and said, 'Of a certainty it is the souls of our ancestors that carry these stones away.' "

I was beginning to form a picture of Muhiyy al-Din's commercial enterprises. Every year he goes to the shaikh with whom he deals, wherever he may be encamped, and with him he lodges for six weeks or more, buying lambs from all the tribe. The shaikh receives a commission of one piastre on every head of sheep, and a good mejideh a-piece more than other sellers for his own animals.

"How many do you buy each year?" I asked.

"Effendim, last year I bought 1300 lambs and 40 camels; but this year will be a bad year, because of the cold. Many times I have taken with me a bag of 1100 Turkish pounds. And when the buying is over, the shaikh sends with me one of his men for guide. We take six camel-loads of water, and by that time the grass is green and the lambs pasture as they go. For we do not travel more than four hours a-day. In thirty-one days we reach Damascus, if God wills."

"Zahmeh!" said I. "It is trouble." There is no way of saying in Arabic, "It is a bore."

"Eh wallah," he replied. "But the master of the lambs rejoices when the spring herbage is good. He sees them grow fat day by day, and reckons up the mejidehs they will fetch in Damascus. And when we come from Nejd there is much sand and plentiful pasture. For in the sand the grass grows early after the winter rain, and withers early." He spoke, no doubt, of the sand hillocks of the Nefûd, north of Hayyil, which are warm and beneficent in winter, but in summer a deadly furnace.

"Do you not fear to travel carrying so much money?" I asked.

"What should we do?" he replied. "Once I met with raiders when I was riding with the Messenger. They were starving, for those that go on foray carry little food. And they took all we had to eat and nearly all the tobacco. And one put his hand into my breast and drew out a bag that held 1000 liras, but this he returned, saying, 'We have no use for money; food we need.' Then the Messenger and I made all haste into Kubeisah, riding two days and a night. And we arrived hungry, may God be praised and exalted!"

"Oh, Muhiyy al-Din," said I, "the desert has no secret from you."

"Lady," he answered, "the whole desert is a secret to us."

No Bedu would have spoken thus, but neither would he have had Muhiyy al-Din's understanding of the world of men.

Blackwood's Magazine. *(To be continued.)*

THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER IX.

And when next I found myself in Arden it was May. I had promised to take the two boys birds'-nesting; Peggy, it seemed, would probably not be able to come with us, having sent away the nursemaid on a holiday, and having herself taken charge of Anne and John. It was Mrs. Drury, as it happened, who gave me this information, and I made some idle remark as to holidays and the weather.

"Holidays!" observed Mrs. Drury with some asperity. "When I was a young girl—never had such a thing. Never wanted such a thing."

She put down her hemming and surveyed me. I had learnt much from Mrs. Drury during the past few weeks; much of the proper keeping of a house, of the ordering of meals, of economies with stock-pots, of the rights and wrongs of cooking potatoes, of faithful dealings with butchers and grocers. Visits to the Grange meant, of course, visits to the nursery; and in the nursery Mrs. Drury discoursed of life as she knew it.

"Holidays! Why, these young girls are always wanting holidays. A week here, and a week there. Afternoons and evenings off. Some of them don't think of nothing else. Peggy, I tell her she don't say 'No' often enough, when they come asking for a day; but there, she think she done right in letting the girl go, because her sister's ill; and when she think she's right it isn't any use for you or me—no, nor nobody else, to try and stop her. Yes, and work herself till she drop—*I* know," nodded Mrs. Drury.

"Then there's some try to take advantage of her, or would if I didn't keep a look-out on them without her knowing it. There was Maggie, the new kitchen-maid that is, overslept herself the other morning. Half-past seven came, no kitchen fire, no hot water, no nothing. Well, so I asked Peggy then, 'Now what did you say to her?' 'Say to her?' she says. 'Why, I couldn't say nothing. As soon as Maggie sees me,' she says, 'she bursts out crying and runs away—puts up her apron and runs down the passage. I'm sure she means to do better,' she says, 'and she's very sorry.' 'Sorry,' I says, 'and ought to be sorry, the lazy young good-for-nothing!' 'Ah! but, Nannie,' she says to me, 'you've often told me you must expect it with young girls—they will oversleep themselves sometimes.' 'Yes, my dear,' I says, 'but I didn't tell you to tell them you expected it.' Ah! well," remarked Mrs. Drury reflectively, "she didn't hear what *I* said to Maggie."

And so that morning I was left with the two boys for companions. We left Peggy in the shade of a cedar-tree at the end of the rose-walk, enjoining silence with a lifted finger: John, in the perambulator, slept. When we were half-way up the rose-walk, which led up the slope to the wood behind the house, Allen, who with Murray's help had somehow contrived to keep quiet until we were out of hearing, could contain himself no longer.

"I simply hate Jane," he burst out. "I really can't bear her any more."

"Dear me! And who is the unhappy Jane?"

"She isn't unhappy, that's just it. She—she's gone on a holiday. And Peggy—Peggy said she could go, and now she can't come with us, and she wanted to come with us and she's got to sit at home with that stupid old perambulator."

"Did she really want to come very much?"

"She wanted simply fearfully. And then Jane——"

"But then, let us go back. Someone else——"

Murray shook his head. "It's no good," he said. "There's nobody else. There never is."

We went on up the hill.

"You know," said Murray, when we came to the wood, "we've never done this before. Never real birds'-nesting, on purpose."

"On purpose?"

"Yes. A whole morning, you know, in the wood, with someone to show us and tell us. Of course, you see, we

aren't allowed in the wood alone. The keeper won't let us."

"But it's your wood?"

"Yes; but then you see the shooting's let, and Mr. Grey, that's the person whose keeper it is, won't allow us to go in. He's fearfully strict—as strict as a—a tutor, I should think."

"Is a tutor very strict?"

"Miss Lovejoy says so. She's often told us we should have to have one. Tutors—well, they just don't let you do anything, you know."

"And Miss Lovejoy does let you?"

"Oh, yes. Well, she—. Of course, you see, there are such a lot of things she says you must'nt do."

"Besides, on Sundays she isn't here," observed Allen.

"But she doesn't know anything about birds' nests, anyhow," went on Murray. "Just the birds in the garden, you know—she doesn't understand about them. She used to tell us about robins and wrens:—

> The robin and wren
> Are God's cock and hen;

a little rhyme it was, you know;—and then one day Allen said to her, did she mean they were cock and hen like his pair of bantams? So she said 'Yes, of course,' and he said, 'Well, then, how about that robin's nest?' And he showed her a nest with a robin on it—one that Peggy had found for us. And she said, 'Yes, there was cock robin, and Jenny Wren wouldn't be far off, we might be sure.' So Allen said, 'No, she isn't far off,' and he showed her a wren's nest in the ivy just close by, and the wren was just coming out of the hole in the middle. And so——"

"Considering I'd been watching them for about two whole days," put in Allen.

"Well, you see, Miss Lovejoy looked at the wren, and said, yes, it was very interesting, and cock robin would be sure to be close by; and so Allen just —well, it was one of his bad days, you know."

"One of his bad days?"

"Well, you see, he thought he would show her she was wrong politely, like that, and then when he showed her the wren's nest and she just said that about the robin, he flew out and said if she was going on like that it was simply no good at all. So you see he lost his deportment mark and that meant his temper mark went too, and then he got into a rage and got nought for conduct straight away. Though what he was going to do, you see, when he began, was to tell her about it without losing his deportment mark. That's just what makes it difficult for him sometimes, you see."

"It certainly seems a little perplexing," I said.

"Well, you can't tell, of course," said Murray.

We had come to the wood, and were following a path between yews and spruce, too dark for the birds' nests which Allen, apparently, had made up his mind would be revealed to him at every step under my guidance. The precise value which he attached to the presence of one who was to go birds'-nesting with him, as he explained it, on purpose, I did not fully discover; generally speaking, it seemed to embrace the possibility of finding a nest of eagles. Half an hour's search in a sunnier ride beyond the yews and in a hedgerow burdened with may discovered a blackbird's nest or two, a thrush's, a blue-tit's and a willow-wren's, which appeared to me to be a tolerable beginning; but it was by no means all that was expected; we were to go on that morning, it seemed, until we had found a cuckoo's egg. One cuckoo's egg would sustain my reputation; I might add to it by finding several.

And so we came out of the wood through an oak gate opening on a

grass field, and stood looking out over the field to the right, and in front of us over a clearing in another wood. And as we stood there, and as I stared out over the shining grass and had the sudden sense of space and sunlight and of the scent of new growing things in the wind, there came to me the fancy—it seemed then almost the knowledge—that I had seen and known it all before; that the whole vision, the scope of all I could see and feel and hear, had been part of me always, and would remain part of me. There in the clearing spread a carpet of primroses, great bunches of flowers and crinkled leaves set so close together among the stubs of hazel that you could scarcely tread between; a path ran through the pale carpet, and dotted about the edge of it stood up the spires of orchids, red-purple flames pricked among the cool flowers; the scent of them mingled with the fainter smell of primroses. From the oak branches rang the rippling cadences of willow-wrens singing; a lark poured song out of the blue above the field; and from the wood behind me came the sharp crow and the drum of wings of a cock-pheasant—that lustiest noise of mating in spring. I stood there, and the breath of the wind came about me from the heart of that woodland, and I waited at the gate, forgetting the boys and their birds' nests, forgetting everything except that it was May weather and I was out in the sun in the English south country.

And suddenly I heard a laugh behind me.

It was a gleeful rather than a merry laugh. There was music in it, but it was gay and witty music; there was challenge too, as if it asked for an answer; and it ended on a note of provoking mockery which in some way was the most joyous thing to hear. I turned quickly, and there, at the corner of the wood, to the left of the gate through which we had just come, a girl stood facing me. She must have been standing there as we opened the gate, and without turning the corner of the wood no one coming through the gate would have seen her. She met my eyes and laughed again—just an echo of the laughter I had heard.

I think the first thing that struck me was that she carried a walking-stick; somehow her laugh belonged to fans and parasols. She was dressed in a tweed coat and skirt of heathery grays and browns, and at her collar and wrists there were touches of green leather. Her hat matched the tweed of her coat, with a leather buckle and pheasant's feathers, and the leather in her hat and coat suited with thick-soled boots splashed with rain and clay. Somehow from the mud on her boots you looked next at the angle at which she carried her chin, and the way she tilted her head a little upwards and to the side; then you saw that her hair was the color of sun-burnt wheat, with the light that glistens on wheat in it; then you came back to her eyes. I found myself even at that first moment guessing at the color of them. Green, I thought first; brown, I decided; green, I thought again, and then they darkened, or she dropped the lids: she looked up again, and the brown was tinted by the sunlight on the trees. Did she mean me to go on guessing? She knew, surely, what a mirror would show her as she stood there, with her smiling mouth and her slender body, and the freshness of her face in the sun and the wet woodland ride; she knew what I should see when she laughed.

"Poachers?" she suggested.

"Looking for eggs," I told her.

"Aren't you afraid of the keeper?"

"Will he want our names and addresses?"

"Perhaps he won't ask." She turned to Murray; both boys, I thought, had drawn a little closer to me. "Won't you introduce me to Mr. Markwick?" she asked.

Murray hesitated; Allen interposed. "*I* know," he said, and caught hold of my coat, apparently to pull me forward. "He—well, he's our friend, you know, Mr. Markwick; he comes and stays with us. And—well, I don't see how he can be introduced to you, because you've said his name, so you know it. Of course you can be introduced to him, though; you're—well, it's Dacia, you know," he observed, turning to me.

"It's Dacia, you know," she laughed.

"No," interrupted Murray earnestly, "it isn't—I mean, that isn't right. Allen oughtn't to have said she was Dacia to you—I mean that you were Dacia to him—to you," he corrected himself wildly. "He ought to have done it like—like Mrs. Band introduces people."

The laughing face looking at me suddenly straightened; the eyelids dropped, and the very voice and spirit of Mrs. Band were present with us.

"Miss Grey, Mr. Markwick; Mr. Markwick, Miss Grey." Mrs. Band vanished; I looked again at that smiling mouth and dancing eyes.

"She can simply copy anybody," said Allen admiringly. "Mrs. Band says——"

"You mustn't," cautioned Murray.

"You may," observed Miss Grey.

"But she did say so. You didn't hear. She said she had no words to express her terrible disgust at you. She said you were a hussy. And a vixen, I think. She didn't know I heard, of course," added Allen reflectively.

"What had I been doing, then?" asked the subject of Mrs. Band's displeasure, without emotion.

"Oh, just copying Mr. Band to a man who was there. Don't you remember, we were all playing hide-and-seek at a party, and you didn't know Mrs. Band was just the other side of that arbor place you were behind? And then I was hiding behind another bush another time, and Mrs. Band came along talking about you. She said some other things, too, only I've forgotten them."

"I've never been introduced quite like this before," remarked Miss Grey. "It's my fault, of course. Besides, it's all quite true. I say much worse things about myself than other people do. And neighbors ought to know each other, don't you think? So it's just as well you should hear the truth at once."

"Neighbors?" I asked.

"I'm a neighbor. You're these boys' sort of guardian, aren't you, and you come and stay down here week-ends? Well, my brother lives over there at Parson's Hanger, and I live with him." She waved towards a hill, where I saw chimney-tops above the trees. "And he shoots this wood. That's why I'm here. I'm a gamekeeper too, besides all the other things."

"You are the keeper, then, whom we are to be afraid of?"

"Aren't you afraid of the other things? I'm the keeper, yes: I'm really head-keeper, because Payton has to do what I tell him; I expect he hates it pretty well. You would yourself, don't you think? Do you shoot? If you do, I expect Roderick—that's my brother—will want you to go round with him; there's nobody much to ask here—at least, not for odd days. And you're down here every week, aren't you? I wish I wasn't."

"Would you rather be in London?" I asked.

"Would I rather be in London?" she answered me, and just stood there smiling, so that I looked at her and read a dozen other unasked questions. And again, just as when I came out of the wood and looked first at the sunlight on the clearing beyond, I had the same sense of having seen and heard it all before; and again, as she spoke, her voice seemed to belong to other scenes and other memories; the shaven sward of a great cricket-ground, polo ponies galloping, the rattle of oars in rowlocks, the smell of weed in weir-water, jewels at the opera—the oddest medley. And I suppose I showed that I was guessing at the riddle.

"No," she said, "you've never met me before."

"Then have I——"

"But you've heard me talking. Behind a parasol. In the next boat at Henley. And then your boat went on, out of the crowd; and you wondered who I was."

"I did, because——"

"Because I knew you would. Well," she broke off, "I must be getting on. I've got to go and settle with Payton—about some broody hens, I think. Good-bye."

And she was off past me down the ride we had just come from, so that I was left with my back to the wood. The path twisted to the right twenty yards behind me; then, as I watched her swinging her stick, she came to the corner, turned her head over her shoulder laughing, and was gone.

The boys stood still by my side. "Then you know Dacia," said Allen.

"But I don't," I said. "I can't remember——"

"I think she knows you," he went on. I tried to piece together places and seasons.

"She simply teases," he remarked, and I stood thinking. I became conscious of the fact that both boys were gazing at me earnestly and sadly.

"I did hope we should find a cuckoo's egg," observed Allen. And we went on down the hedgerow. We found other eggs in other nests, but by lunch Murray was offering polite explanations of possible new habits on the part of cuckoos.

(To be continued.) *Eric Parker.*

SOME RECENT POETRY.*

It is true that a good many questions can best be answered by putting the questions themselves into the form of a paradox. The reasoning faculty of the mind inevitably divides most of its interests into two opposite halves, leaving the will the option of either, to the exclusion of the other; whereupon the division that has been caused at once takes rank as an irreconcilable enmity. It is to this splitting up of a live issue into two dead halves that the paradox comes with its attempt to hold the two

* "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," by J. Elroy Flecker; Max Goschen. "The Widow in the Bye-Street," by John Masefield; Sidgwick & Jackson. "Dauber," by John Masefield; Heinemann. "The Daffodil Fields," by John Masefield; Heinemann. "Salt-Water Ballads," by John Masefield; Elkin Mathews. "Ballads and Poems," by John Masefield; Elkin Mathews. "Daily Bread," by W. W. Gibson; Elkin Mathews. "Fires," by W. W. Gibson; Elkin Mathews. "Foliage," by W. H. Davies; Elkin Mathews. "Nature and other Poems," by Alfred Williams; Erskine Macdonald. "Cor Cordium," by Alfred Williams; Erskine Macdonald. "Aphrodite and other Poems," by John Helston; Heinemann. "Love Poems, and others," by D. H. Lawrence; Duckworth. "Auguries," by Laurence Binyon; Heineman. "Odes," by Laurence Binyon; Elkin Mathews "Poetical Works of Robert Bridges"; The Oxford Press. "Lyrics and Dramas," by Stephen Phillips; The Bodley Head. "Valdimar," by R. C. Macfie; Erskine Macdonald. "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," by Alfred Noyes; Blackwood. "The Listeners," by Walter de la Mare; Constable. "Peacock Pie," by Walter de la Mare; Constable. "Collected Poems," by Æ.; Macmillan.

ends together; and it is because the healthy mind of man is always conscious of unity, and irritated by division, that paradox always has for it so strange a fascination. Mr. Flecker in his recent volume of poems *The Golden Journey to Samarkand* declares:

This importunity of the "message," this "old puritan spirit," has corrupted nearly all our artists, from William Wordsworth down to the latest writers of manly tales in verse. If we have preaching to do, in Heaven's name let us call it a sermon and write it in prose. It is not the poet's business to save a man's soul but to make it worth saving. It is not his business to make wise reflections about the social and moral problems of the day, but, whether inspired by a slum window in Camden Town or by an old volume picked up for a soldo in the streets of Florence, to make beautiful the tragedy and tragic the beauty of man's life. Many of our great English poets have preached moral theories, or expounded in verse their philosophies of life; but it is to be remembered that what endures in their work is that portion where, despite themselves, they wrote like poets. However few great poets have written with a clear theory of art for art's sake, it is by that theory alone that their work has been, or can be, judged; and rightly so, if we remember that art embraces all life and all humanity, and sees in the temporary and floating doctrines of conservative or revolutionary only the human grandeur or passion that inspires them.

We have quoted the whole of this passage for two reasons. Firstly, because it is an old issue stated as excellently as we remember having seen it stated; and secondly, because if a man goes on long enough he generally succeeds in answering himself. Both ends of the fundamental point at issue are to be seen warring together in his words, and seeking the resolution of themselves into simplicity. If it is the poet's business to make man's soul "worth saving," how comes it then that his work can alone be judged by "a clear theory of art for art's sake"? And if a theory of man's life, clear or muddy, will not save a poet if his work be not poetry, how comes it then that a theory or æsthetic (which is a part, however high a part, of man's life) can? A man may do more than expound Mr. Flecker's own text of the beauty of tragedy and the tragedy of beauty (which, by the very introduction of the word tragedy, becomes a profound moral issue), and he is arraigned as a "preacher," whereas a man may write "with a clear theory of art for art's sake" and "by that theory alone his work can be judged." It may seem like an escape into Platonism to say, what nevertheless is at the back of all Mr. Flecker's words, that the deeper paradox is whether there is not Poetry before the making of all poems, and whether poems, large or small, do not fail or succeed in the degree in which they render all the implications of that larger thing. Life and Poetry become conterminous then, and technique in one or the other waits upon vision. In Mr. Flecker's own poems, following upon his Preface, there can be no quarrel with the technique. Especially in his title-poem, the melody of the rhymes, according with the happy rightness of his verbal music, never fails to please. But he never catches our imagination memorably, never leaves us with great moments, nor with a swiftly beating mind; but when we have closed his book, "written with the single intention of creating beauty," we feel that Beauty is a far more significant thing than he has managed to convey.

It is just in this significance of Beauty, this significance that, in Mr. Flecker's words, "embraces all life and all humanity," that the test of Poetry lies. When the poet is faithful to Beauty in his vision and his accom-

plishment he becomes, he cannot help but become, a prophet also. Shelley knew that well enough; and when the larger reaching forward of the poet is put aside with such phrases as the "Greek spirit," or the "Classic ease," it is time to remember that Homer and Aeschylus were the greatest of the Greeks and Classics. But, indeed, even because so much has been said of "art for art's sake," a new kind of revolt has taken place. Because Beauty has been made incidental, has been turned from its essential significance to the purposes of decoration, some have arisen who would turn it yet further away, right out of Poetry indeed. Mr. Masefield, who but a few years ago wrote

O Beauty, I have wandered far;
Peace, I have suffered seeking thee;
Life, I have sought to see thy star
That other men might see,

has come lately to the writing of such tales in verse as *The Widow in the Bye-Street* and *Dauber*. Certainly the first line of the stanza we have quoted seems to have some application. But it is curious to note how Beauty is revenged on those who have no use for her. *Dauber* tells the tale of one who, desirous of art, shipped to sea because he wished to

know the sea and ships from A to Z,
And paint great ships at sea before I'm dead;
Ships under skysails running down the Trade—
Ships and the sea; there's nothing finer made.

But his shipmates had small love for him and his art. To be sure, neither he nor his art is made very real to us. Dauber himself, when he does not show himself a weakling, remains a postulate, and his art is part of that postulate. Therefore what value he has is mainly symbolic, and it is just in this very symbolic value that the poem becomes untrue to life. In a day when there are many writers making a specialist's department of the sea and its concerns, it would be rash to claim any part of that knowledge; but it does so happen that the present writer was once compelled to work his way over half the circumference of the globe on a tramp, and it does so happen that among the crew was one who painted (and painted, not roughly and for broad effects—it is the sophisticated who do that—but delicately), and it does further happen that not one of the crew bore him any enmity because of that fact, but rather admired him, gathering round him to watch him at work. Life is a puzzled affair; but in so far as its conditions are verifiable, *Dauber* is untrue to life. And surely the same may be said of the widow herself in *The Widow in the Bye-Street*. Life, in the long run, and despite many aberrations, is generally true to Beauty; that is the cardinal fact in faith and experience; and Mr. Masefield in turning away from Beauty has proved untrue to life. The main interest of *Dauber* is the description of the life on shipboard, and the description, vividly given, of a storm in rounding Cape Horn; and there is no particular interest for Poetry in that.

The wide appeal of such poems is, strictly considered, an appeal to sentimentalism, only an inverted sentimentalism, that loves the drab-gray simply because it is not rose-pink, and not because it has any depth and significance of its own. Men have grown so accustomed to slums that they have come to reproduce them in literature, simply because they are not palaces; while, outside literature, men are rising up and demanding that they shall be abolished. But that the sentimentalism is not always inverted, the latest published of Mr. Masefield's tales in verse, *The Daffodil Fields*, may show. There the sentimentalism is pure, with

the result that the poem gains greatly in sincerity. Coming upon these, Mr. Mathews has timely re-issued the two early volumes of Mr. Masefield's poems *Salt-Water Ballads* and *Ballads and Poems*. It is difficult not to compare them, and it is difficult, in spite of the desire to see the bravery of an extended canvas, not to turn back continually to these earlier poems after having put *Dauber* finally upon the shelves.

If Mr. Masefield's appeal be to a kind of inverted sentimentalism, that cannot be said of Mr. Wilfred Gibson, though he, too, has turned from Beauty —not so fully as he might perhaps like to think, however. He is, indeed, obsessed with the fear of "being poetical." A metaphor is suspect long before it reaches the threshold of his house, even though its coming might assist his meaning. A plain unvarnished tale is his mode, though he becomes memorable when his tales take the same symbolic value as a just metaphor itself would wear. In his early booklet *Daily Bread* (now published as one volume) the customary blank-verse line itself was suspect, doubtless as seeming too "poetical." For there are indications throughout those little dramas that they were first written as blank verse, and subsequently cut up into versicles. That this was greatly to their loss we cannot but believe. Take this passage from the strongest of them all, *The Night-Shift:*

> Aye, but not yet,
> For she's in need of sleep.
> When there's no help,
> And she must know,
> Then 'twill be time enough
> To break the news to her.
> Perhaps, when she has slept a bit,
> She will be strong to bear much
> That's now beyond her strength.

If we are right in thinking this other to be the original form, is there not great gain in compression and metrical suggestion?

> Aye, but not yet, for she's in need of sleep.
> When there's no help, and she must know, then 'twill
> Be time enough to break the news to her.
> Perhaps when she has slept a bit, she'll be
> Strong to bear much that's now beyond her strength.

Nor is the question merely one of form. In his later booklet, *Fires*, he abandons versicles for a more consistent metrical form; he helps himself to rhyme, and in the most memorable of the tales he tells there, *The Wife*, he relies on so poetical a symbol as the appearance of a woman's soul in the form of a white bird. There are some who would call that hyperbole; some might even call it a rhetorical figure; but whatever it be it gives a memorable beauty to the tale. And it is where he achieves this symbolism, this use of intellectual and emotional ritual, that Mr. Gibson strikes the quality he misses so often in his work. He misses it because he is afraid of it. And it is curious to note that the press notices he quotes in each booklet fasten upon just those poems where it breaks past his guard as being typical of his method.

In the opening poem to *Fires* Mr. Gibson says that he turns from "Shelley's lustral pyre" to "the man who hews the coal to feed my fire." We are not quite certain that we know what he means by "Shelley's lustral pyre," but Shelley's poetry is a lustral rite that offers itself as freely to the man who hews the coal to feed the fire as to any, and we wonder a little what that man gains by being offered in its stead a portrait of himself. Certain it is that Shelley's vision of a new heaven and a new earth, and Shelley's initiatory lustral rite, have, despite all

faults, done more to beget a wide-spread passion for a purer and nobler order of life than any other influence between his day and ours. Their influence has now become as functional as the life-blood in the thought of the brain; and many who have little knowledge of him are nevertheless using him in their passion for a worthier order. He expressed life, he did not exploit living, and we may see a token of that larger influence from him and from others in the songs that are coming to be sung by those who have undertaken the rougher discipline of life. There is Mr. William Davies, whose new volume *Foliage* neither widens the scope of his song nor diminishes its sincerity; there is Mr. Alfred Williams, who also comes with a new volume, *Cor Cordium;* there is Mr. John Helston, whose strong work has aroused attention in the magazines, and who now collects it together in a volume, *Aphrodite and other Poems.* Each of these has come up with a song stamped with sincerity, and it is noteworthy that in neither case do they sing of the glory of labor, but rather the glory of spiritual and intellectual being. In Mr. Davies's case the sharp circumscription of his song gives more than a note of repetition as his volumes succeed each other. Since *Nature Poems* this has been marked. It is even possible to trace one poem through several different forms. The marvel is that the spontaneity and joy of his songs remain unsoiled. If he repeats his songs, there is yet no sense of staleness; if he does not go on to greater heights or wider plains, it is without question that he enjoys himself exceedingly where he is, and can put that joy without premeditation into his poetry.

The same sincerity marks Mr. Williams. To Nature he sings:

O, My Beloved! I fear my cry's not heard. Let it not be made in vain.
Let not the little thread of song become abortive in me.
Let it go forth bravely, winding and undulating.
Let it come to fit ears, let it obtain sympathy.
There is no sweetness in it. It is not very acceptable.
I have heard richer sounds, I have looked in pools deeper with thought.
I have seen art so transfigured there was no art perceptible in it.
I have seen many shrines and temples, far greater than my own; that is not my fault.

Though there are hints in the very poem *The Testament*—out of his earlier book of this year, *Nature and other Poems*—of one Walt Whitman, who sang before him, yet his song is his own. Much has been said of the way in which he, as a forgeman, bent his mind to entering the realms of gold. There is high honor in that, and the traces of the stark intellectual toil it meant are strewn over his pages; yet it is not for that a poet will be remembered if his song fail in authenticity and vision. Sometimes Mr. Williams does fail; he fails more often in *Cor Cordium* than in any of his earlier books; translations and apologetics, for example have no part in themselves with the stuff of poetry. But in the main he has his own song to sing, and he sings it bravely and well.

The title of Mr. Helston's book would seem to indicate that he had turned to the refurbishment of old legends. But there is little of that kind in his work. Indeed *Aphrodite at Leatherhead*, though the poem by which he first won attention, is by no means the best of his harvest; for all that it is the poem in which his sensual strength is the most evident. There, too, he displays the weakness that finds him tripping so constantly. Masses (there is no fitter word) occur where his lines work themselves into

an extraordinary congestion. Nor is this congestion the result of condensation. Rapidity of thought or image has often in some of the most memorable passages of poetry missed the intervening stages that the mind requires, and so produced an ellipsis giving the effect of congestion. But that is not the particular congestion that makes Mr. Helston's meaning often so difficult to follow. His comes rather from an inability to deploy in successive combinations the emotions with which he is concerned. He loses expression, thus. Often a long tract of verse becomes as so much waste tissue in the body of his poem, not because it does not contain thoughts and emotions that may be proper to the poem (though even there he sometimes fails, particularly in his incidental pronouncements on God and man), but because he has failed to express them. It is often as if he were grappling with an unfamiliar medium that he could not sufficiently burden with the weight of his emotion. Yet such parts of his poetry are not altogether waste tissue; they have their function, they do convey the sense of power and strength, and so aid in the total effect. It is, however, in the opening poem of his volume, in *Lonicera*, which he calls a "modern idealized conversation," that he shows his best; for there, even where his lines are most congested, his meaning is never too far away to be missed. *Lonicera* is indeed a very remarkable achievement, that happens incidentally also to be a new form in poetic art. And sometimes he rises to a simple strength of utterance that is fine and finished. This is how "The Man" addresses "The Woman" who had spoken in contempt of him, though loving him, years before:

You lost your power to hold me, when you lied;
But when you stooped to that I learnt distrust
Of my own senses—deemed you less than you—
(As once through lover's eyes I deemed you more)
In all things else. And since it is that hate
But languishes on foods that feed contempt,
Hate left no heir within my heart but dust:
Not good to fight on; albeit I fought. Success
(I rose in spite of, not because of, you)
Had dust and ashes on it when it came.

Experience had gone to the making of that poem; experience and dreams.

What disfigures much of Mr. Helston's work is his insistence on sensuality. It is not necessary in order for a man not to "requite the spirit of his birth with ignominy" for him to protest its worthiness in the particularization of his desire. An over-protesting manhood, it should be remembered, speedily loses its virility. If desire be sufficient to itself, it has no need to protest that fact. But if desire be turned back upon itself, through some fault in the emotional relation of mind and mind, or heart and heart, then we receive a volume of surging perplexed impressions like Mr. D. H. Lawrence's *Love Poems, and others*. It is a strange volume, strange with a beauty that constantly seems thwarted.

I leaned me forward to find her lips,
And claim her utterly in a kiss,
When the lightning flew across her face,
And I saw her for a flaring space
Of a second, afraid of the clips
Of my arms, inert with dread, wilted in fear of my kiss.

That is the refrain of these love poems; and if the singer be baffled it is little wonder that the hearers should be a little puzzled. But those who have read Mr. Lawrence's novel *Sons and Lovers* will scarcely need the suggestion that one must be read in the light of the other. Each has the same power

of introspection, the same complicated sense of heart that does not tune with heart.

To turn from volumes such as these to Mr. Laurence Binyon's two volumes of *Auguries* and *Odes*, or to the recent edition of Mr. Robert Bridges's *Poetical Works*, or to Mr. Stephen Phillips's latest volume *Lyrics and Dramas*, is to perceive at once a fundamental change of intention. It is indeed too fundamental a difference to be covered by such terms as "modern poetry." There always was the poet who sought in his poetry to reach out after the inexpressible, or to "load every rift with ore," as distinguished from the poet who was content to write cool and easy lines. It is clear that the very effort to reach out after the inexpressible, or to load with ore, implies an interest nearer to the concerns of the spirit of man than the contentment with faultless lines. To read Mr. Binyon's poems is to realize how faultless lines may be without signifying anything to the spirit. Had he arisen bravely to "preach," even, he would have come nearer a living concern. As it is, the mere outward form of things is described for us, and the interest is small because the significance is slight. We do not live more greatly in his poetry, we do not rise to the possible heights of our being in the ritual of his verse; and apparently it was never intended that we should. A well-wrought poem is its own justification, though it be done as an exercise of skill. One sees that in Mr. Stephen Phillips. He has, however, been called upon to endure the vagaries of the critics; and that should nearly always be sufficient to enlist hearty sympathy. But a few years ago the pæans were ringing in his praise; now disparagement is committing itself to the same excesses. Yet the poetry that was his then is his still, though it be partly derivative and, in its contentment with glib values, mainly superficial. It is difficult to see why such a poem as *Cromer Abbey* was written. Neither is it concerned with the habitual life of men, nor is it concerned with the profounder life of the spirit. The play entitled *The King* is the most noteworthy thing in the volume, and it very well displays Mr. Phillips's weakness. For the virtue of the position it is concerned with—and the virtue, we may say, of all dramatic position—is one of personality, of character-exploration. But Mr. Phillips is content that his characters should remain as postulates in a given dramatic position, and the result is, seeing that the interest must in some way be maintained, that he is compelled to be merely theatrical. And the theatrical is beginning to lose even its theatrical value.

The desire to avoid the merely theatrical in drama (while yet making drama a thing of the theatre and not a thing only of the library) is the continual problem of poetic drama. Mr. Phillips in *Herod* came very near to answering this. Now Mr. Macfie puts forward an answer in *Valdimar*. And he courageously turns to the archaic forms of speech. His Norse subject aids him in this, though the ring of "thees" and "thous" sounds strangely on the ears at first. But the most interesting element in the play is the theme by which Mr. Macfie makes it more than an exercise in history, brings it into relation with the thriving life of men. For Valdimar is a Christian in pagan Norway. Not a Christian in the ecclesiastical sense merely; for when Olaf, the claimant to the throne of Norway, professes Christianity. Valdimar is almost as much removed from him as from Hakan. He is described as "a christened jarl who has Tolstoian views of Christianity." Mr. Macfie explains too much (apart from the incidental anachronism), for by

giving Valdimar "views" he makes him so much less of a vital personality. His play is strong, its action is sincere and free, but it fails just at this point. Had he told us nothing of Valdimar—had he told himself nothing of Valdimar—he would have been compelled to express himself in Valdimar's personality, he would have had to make of Valdimar just what Valdimar is not—a character and not a postulate. He very nearly becomes this all the time. It is Fiona who takes the quality of life away from him; indeed she is a fine, living and forceful creation by reason of her very development through the play: but it was Valdimar who needed this truth of psychology, for the play is his. And in the very uncertainty of his characterization the action hesitates, without that hesitation being a part and portion of Valdimar's real personality.

There is little attempt to capture such subtleties of characterization in Mr. Noyes's *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern.*

> The Tabor fainted far away behind us,
> but her feet that day
> They beat a rosier morrice o'er the
> fairy-circled green.
> And o'er a field of buttercups, a field
> of lambs and buttercups,
> We danced along a cloth of gold, a
> summer king and queen.

That is the note he is desirous to capture; and if a poet be judged by his success in fulfilling what he set out to achieve, it cannot be denied that there is a spirit in these tales that, if it seem a little thin, has a gaiety and jollity of its own. Ben Jonson, Dekker, Chris Marlowe, Will Shakespeare, and Bacon (as *avocatus diaboli*) are all summoned as the providers of roysterous entertainment, without respect to the authenticity of their portraiture. They are used as symbols; they are subordinate to a philosophy, and that philosophy is the outlook of a great child. How well Mr. Noyes succeeds in achieving his end is another question. We cannot believe, for instance, that a well-whitewashed Chris Marlowe will achieve that end when so many living and true symbols are available. Let a man read, for example (if he be the grown-up child that women report him to be) Mr. de la Mare's *Peacock Pie*, and thereafter turn to the same author's *The Listeners*, and say whether these magical poems do not avail better than a resuscitated Mermaid Tavern where the people are not real. There is scarce a poet writing whose poems leave so ineffaceable an impression on the mind as Mr. de la Mare's. Delicately wrought, exquisitely carved, there is no waste word in them; and the economy is, as economy so seldom is, part and lot of an inspiration that seldom fails.

The same inspiration is to be discovered in what we accept as the most noteworthy book of poetry for many a day, Æ.'s *Collected Poems.* There is the same economy of procedure noticeable throughout the book; there is not a waste line; there is scarcely a syllable that does not imply something of soul thrift. That is the significance of the book. It is an experience. Æ. does not always succeed in expressing his mood; sometimes he only reports it in verse—that is to say, the music awakened in the mind does not ring, but is told of, in the verse—but the mood is always authentic, and it is always of intense significance to the spirit of man striving in the toils of Time. Those who conceive Poetry as more than a play-toy (even though that play-toy be realistic photography), those who conceive Poetry as, at its truest, a high ritual in which the spirit of man purifies itself, endures great moods and moments that become part of its eternal property because thereby it exalts itself, will find this book often in their hands. The Poetry in this book

is great because it was great before ever it was woven into its verse, and that is the highest test of Poetry; that is the test which, as we return upon our opening, makes Poetry a divine instructor without falling foul of the mere preacher. The craftsmanship of these *Collected Poems* is sometimes poor; it is sometimes unable, as we have said, to make the singing its own exaltation, but there can surely be none who will read this book and not feel that they are face to face with a mood whose very gesture of dignity and grace has implicit in it a wisdom that is the prerogative of simple greatness. Æ. is, in short, a seër; and this book is one such as comes only at rare intervals, the book of a seër.

Darrell Figgis.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

MISS GASKELL.

On Sunday, October 26, a quiet self-effacing life ebbed away in the city of Manchester. Miss Margaret Emily Gaskell, or, as she was generally called by her friends, Miss Meta Gaskell, was the last bearer of a name highly honored in English literature. It had been hers all through her life, and with her it has died. The inheritance of such a name is not seldom a burdensome responsibility; it may perhaps have been the reason why Miss Gaskell always shrank from publicity. She refused to write or do anything that would even appear to challenge comparison between her mother and herself. Within the last few weeks of her life she resolutely destroyed many letters and papers which might have been of general interest, as she did not wish them to see the light after her death. Yet the friends who knew and loved her were well aware of her intellectual keenness and sympathy, no less than of her moral elevation; and those who were nearest to her and dearest are not unwilling that a memorial notice of her, however slight it needs must be, should be given to the world.

It was so long ago as in 1828 that the Rev. W. Gaskell migrated from Knutsford—the traditional Cranford of Mrs. Gaskell's well-known story—where he had been minister of a small Unitarian chapel, to Manchester, upon his appointment to the pastorate of Cross Street Chapel there. He was a man of wide knowledge and culture. Although his name has been a little overshadowed by his wife's, yet there are still living among the citizens of Manchester not a few who speak with keen appreciation of his addresses upon literary and philosophical subjects, as well as of his sermons; and on the day of Miss Gaskell's funeral, as I was walking from the station to the graveyard, an old friend of his remarked to me that he doubted if Mrs. Gaskell would have achieved all her notable success in literature but for her husband. In Manchester Mr. Gaskell gathered round him a remarkable congregation. It is sometimes said that two out of three Mayors of Manchester were then worshippers in the Cross Street Chapel. He and his wife and family occupied a house first in Dover Street, then in Rumford Street; but in 1850 they removed into the house in Plymouth Grove, where Miss Gaskell lived all her long life, and where she died. It is a house familiar to the many visitors who enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell and afterwards of their daughters. Judge Parry, in his amusing volume of reminiscences entitled "What the Judge Saw," has sympathetically de-

scribed the "semi-circular drive" leading to the "old-fashioned portico," the "steps, a trifle steep," and the "shuttered door" of the house. Mrs. Gaskell died in 1865; her husband in 1884. But their two surviving unmarried daughters, Meta and Julia, remained in the old home. They could remember the time when it was possible to look from their windows upon green fields, and even to shoot snipe in the marshy ground not far from their door. Plymouth Grove changed its character quickly and sadly. Long rows of houses sprang up around it on all sides. It lost its peace, its amenity, its isolation. But the two sisters lived on there. It seemed scarcely to occur to them that they could live anywhere else. Manchester had been their father's and their mother's home; it had been their own home from childhood; and to serve it with the purest, noblest service was the ambition of their lives. When I first knew them they lived one life; they were united in faith, in interest, and in occupation; but in October, 1908, Miss Julia Gaskell, the younger sister, died, and then the "we" of Miss Gaskell's letters became "I," and the better part of her life was taken away from her. For five years more she lived, but now alone, in Plymouth Grove, or at her cottage, known as "The Sheiling," at Silverdale, on Morecambe Bay. But she was never quite the same; she never lost an air of silent melancholy, although she fought hard to conceal it, and the grief was her friends' rather than her own when she was confined first to the house, and then to her sick-bed, and at length after a period of increasing weakness, but not of acute suffering, her spirit passed away.

Almost to the end, however, it was her delight to carry on the associations of the house. Still she gathered around her, from time to time, not only her friends, such as Lady Farrer and Lady Ritchie, but men of letters who came to Manchester, journalists of the *Manchester Guardian*, artists and actors, all who were interested in the higher life of the city. She had much to tell them, for her personal knowledge was a living bond between the present and the past. She had been the child-friend of Thackeray; she had learnt drawing from Ruskin; she had been one of the pioneers of Alpine climbing with Leslie Stephen; she had known society in Paris under the auspices of Madame Mohl, whose name is so prominent in the recently published Life of Florence Nightingale, and society in Rome as the guest of the sculptor, W. W. Story. She welcomed her guests at Plymouth Grove with the stately grace and dignity of one who understood in a hurrying age the art of managing a *salon*. Her hospitality, her conversation, her house itself, like her very handwriting in its pleasant formality, savored a little of the old world. Her drawing-room remained practically as it had been when Charlotte Brontë hid herself out of pure shyness behind the curtains at the unexpected appearance of a lady visitor. In every act and word of hers, as in every look, there was seen and felt to be the impress of such a personality as shrank instinctively from the stain of evil, and gave itself altogether to the things which are honest, pure, lovely, and of good report. She did much for Manchester by her charity; she did more, far more, by her character.

The relation of Charlotte Brontë to Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell and their family is well-known through Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." She paid them at least three visits in Manchester. She too has given a description of the house in Plymouth Grove. It seems that she felt a peculiar interest in the daughters of the family,

even more perhaps in Julia than in Meta. But the recently published letters of Charles Eliot Norton[1] afford, I think, the best testimony to Miss Gaskell's intellectual sympathy. It is well known that Mrs. Gaskell dedicated "Sylvia's Lovers" to "all my Northern Friends"—*i.e.* to her friends in the Northern States of America—"with the truest sympathy of an Englishwoman, and in an especial manner to my dear friend, Charles Eliot Norton, and to his Wife, who, though personally unknown to me, is yet dear to me for his sake." Mr. Norton, in correspondence with Miss Gaskell after her mother's death, rises by insensible degrees of feeling from "My dear Miss Gaskell," to "My dear Meta," and then to "My dearest Meta." Theirs was a friendship, as he himself says, of fifty years. It ended only with his death in October 1908. The last of his letters to her, dated only three months before his death, closes with a passage scarcely more characteristic of him who wrote it than of her to whom it was written. "I hope," he says, "the suffragettes will give you no further annoyance. Their recent course of brawling can have done little to promote the cause which they profess to have at heart. It hinders, indeed, the adoption of the moderate measures which are all that a wise policy would promote."

For although Miss Gaskell took a part, and generally an active part, in many of the intellectual and philanthropic institutions within the city of Manchester, as in the University, the Social Club, the Whitworth Art Gallery, the High School for Girls, the Sick Poor and Private Nursing Institution, and, above all, the Nursing Home which she founded as a memorial of her sister Julia, she was constitutionally opposed to all violence in the language or conduct of womanhood. It was, indeed, rather at her home than upon the Boards of which she was a member that her counsel was sought and heard. And as the shadows of age closed around her, she grew to be more and more desirous of such influence alone as is not incompatible with privacy. The words which she wrote of her mother's end were not less applicable to her own. "Mamma's last days had been full of loving thought and tender help for others. She was so sweet, and dear, and noble beyond words."

Miss Gaskell never forsook the Unitarian creed of her parents. She was wont to describe herself as an old-fashioned Unitarian. She belonged to the school of Channing, and Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Martineau. In her way of looking at religious questions, as indeed in the language of the funeral service with which she was laid to rest beneath the shadow of her father's chapel at Knutsford—above all, in the spirit and temper of her life—there seemed to be little that would definitely part her from the orthodox Christian faith. It was said by one who watched at the last beside her death-bed that there could scarcely be a better Christian than Miss Gaskell.

It is difficult to praise in public the value of a life such as hers. Just because she was so little to the world, she was so much to the circle of her intimate friends. The fairest violets do not shed their fragrance by the dusty roadside. It is enough that her death, although it has happened in the fulness of years, has left an unspeakable void in many hearts. Nearly fifty years ago Mrs. Gaskell's unfinished novel, "Wives and Daughters," was passing through the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine* at the time of her death. It may not be unfitting that in the pages of the same Magazine a

[1] To Miss Norton and to Messrs. Constable my particular thanks are due.

wreath of affectionate respect and regret should be laid, as it were, by a sorrowing friend upon her daughter's grave.

The Cornhill Magazine. *J. E. C. Welldon.*

THE POWER-HOUSE.

V.

My nervousness and indecision dropped from me at the news. I had won the first round, and I would win the last, for it suddenly became clear to me that I had now evidence which would blast Lumley. I believed that it would not be hard to prove his identity with Pavia and his receipt of the telegram from Saronov; Tuke was his creature, and Tuke's murderous mission was his doing. No doubt I knew little and could prove nothing about the big thing, the Power-House, but conspiracy to murder is not the lightest of criminal charges. I was beginning to see my way to checkmating my friend, at least so far as Pitt-Heron was concerned. Provided —and it was a pretty big proviso—that he gave me the chance to use my knowledge.

That I feared would be the difficulty. I made pretty certain that Lumley had his own means of getting information about his satellites, and would be speedily informed of Tuke's death and Saronov's behavior. What I knew tonight he would know in a few hours. I argued that his spies must have told him enough to connect me with the incident, more especially my visits to the Embassy. If he believed that I had damning evidence against him—and I had no doubt he believed it—then he would do his best to prevent me speaking. I must therefore get my statement lodged in the proper quarter at the earliest possible moment. The next twenty-four hours, I feared, were going to be too sensational for comfort. And yet I cannot say I was afraid. I was too full of pride to be timid; I had lost my awe of Lumley through winning a point against him. Had I known more I should have been less at my ease.

I sat up late into the night, marshalling my evidence in a formal statement and making two copies of it. One was destined for Macgillivray, the other for Felix, for I felt that no precaution should be omitted. Next morning at breakfast I gave the docile Chapman his instructions. He must take the document to Scotland Yard, ask to see Macgillivray, and put it into his hands. Then he must ring me up at once at Down Street and tell me that he had done this. I had already telephoned to my clerk that I would not be at the Temple that day.

It seems a simple thing to travel less than a mile in the most frequented part of London in broad daylight, and perform an easy act like carrying a letter; but I knew that Lumley's spies would be active, and I suspected that they would connect Chapman sufficiently with me to think him worth following. In that case there might be an attempt at violence. I thought it my duty to tell him this, but he laughed me to scorn. He proposed to walk, and he begged to be shown the man who would meddle with him. Chapman, I ought to have told you, was a square, thick-set fellow, who had been a middle-weight boxer in his day, and was fairly well able to take care of himself. He put my letter to Macgillivray in his inner pocket, buttoned his coat, crushed down his felt hat on his head, and defiantly set forth.

I expected a message from him in

half an hour, for he was a rapid walker. But the half hour had passed, then the three-quarters, and nothing happened. At eleven I rang up Scotland Yard, but they had no news of him. Then I became miserably anxious, for it was clear that some disaster had overtaken my messenger. My first impulse was to set out myself to look for him, but a moment's reflection convinced me that that would be playing into the enemy's hands. For an hour I wrestled with my impatience, and then a few minutes after twelve I was rung up by St. Thomas's Hospital. A young doctor spoke, and said that Mr. Chapman had asked him to tell me what had happened. He had been run down by a motor-car at the corner of Whitehall—nothing serious—only a bad shake and some scalp wounds. In a day or so he would be able to leave. Then he added what drove the blood from my heart. "Mr. Chapman personally wished me to tell you," he said, "that the letter has gone." I stammered some reply asking his meaning. "He said he thinks," I was told, "that, while he was being assisted to his feet, his pocket was picked and a letter taken. He said you would know what he meant."

I knew only too well what he meant. Lumley had got my statement, and realized precisely how much I knew and what was the weight of evidence against him. He must know, too, that there must be a copy somewhere which I would try to deliver. It was going to be harder than I had fancied to get my news to the proper ears, and I had to anticipate the ultimate violence on the part of my opponents. The thought of the peril restored my coolness. I locked the outer door of my flat, and telephoned to the garage where I kept my car, bidding Stagg call for me at two o'clock precisely. Then I lit a pipe and strove to banish the whole business from my thoughts, for fussing would do me no good. Presently it occurred to me to ring up Felix and give him some notion of the position, but I found that my telephone was now broken and connection was impossible. The spoken as well as the written word was to be denied me.

It was a blazing hot mid-summer day. The water-carts were sprinkling Piccadilly, and looking from my window I could see leisurely and elegant gentlemen taking their morning stroll. A florist's cart full of roses stood below me in the street. The summer smell of town—a mixture of tar, flowers, dust, and patchouli—rose in gusts through the hot air. It was the homely London I knew so well, and I was somehow an exile from it. I was being shepherded into a dismal isolation, which, unless I won help, might mean death. I was cool enough now, but I will not deny that I was miserably anxious.

I changed into a flannel suit, lunched off sandwiches and a whiskey-and-soda, and at two o'clock looked for Stagg and my car. He was five minutes late, a thing which had never happened before. My goal was the Embassy in Belgrave Square, but I was convinced that if I approached it directly I should share the fate of Chapman; nay, worse, for from me they would not merely snatch the letter. What I had once written I could write again, and if they wished to ensure my silence it must be by more drastic methods. I proposed to baffle my pursuers by taking a wide circuit round the western suburbs of London, returning to the Embassy when I thought the coast clear. I gave Stagg his instructions, and lay back in the closed car with a curious fluttering sense of anticipation. I had begun the last round in the wild game. There was a man at the corner of Down Street who seemed to peer curiously

at the car. He was doubtless one of my watchers.

We went up Park Lane into the Edgware Road, my instructions to Stagg being to make a circuit by Harrow and Brentford. Now that I was ensconced in the car I felt safer, and my tense nerves relaxed; I grew drowsy and allowed myself to sink into a half doze. The stolid back of Stagg filled my gaze, as it had filled it a fortnight ago on the western road, and I admired lazily the brick-red of his neck. He had been in the Guards, and a Boer bullet at Modder River had left a long scar at the nape of his neck, which gave to his hair the appearance of being badly cut. He had told me the story on Exmoor.

Suddenly I rubbed my eyes. There was no scar there; the hair of the chauffeur grew regularly down to his coat-collar. The resemblance had been perfect, the voice was Stagg's, but clearly it was not Stagg who now drove my car.

I pulled the blind down over the front window as if to shelter myself from the sun. Looking out I saw that we were some distance up the Edgware Road, nearing the point where the Marylebone Road joins it. Now or never was my chance, for at the corner there is always a block in the traffic. The car slowed down in obedience to a policeman's uplifted hand, and very gently I opened the door on the left side. Since the car was new it opened softly, and in two seconds I had stepped out, shut it again, and made a dive between a butcher's cart and a motor-bus for the sidewalk. I gave one glance back and saw the unconscious chauffeur still rigid at the wheel.

I dodged unobtrusively through the crowd on the pavement, with my hand on my breast-pocket to see that my paper was still there. There was a little picture shop near by to which I used to go occasionally, owned by a man who was an adept at cleaning and restoring. I had sent him customers and he was likely to prove a friend; so I dived into his doorway, which made a cool pit of shade after the glaring street, and found him, spectacles on nose, busy examining some dusty prints. He greeted me cordially and followed me into the back shop.

"Mr. Levison," I said, "have you a back door?"

He looked at me in some surprise. "Why, yes; there is the door into the lane which runs from Edgeley Street into Connaught Mews."

"Will you let me use it? There is a friend outside whom I wish to avoid. Such things happen, you know."

He smiled comprehendingly—"Certainly, sir. Come this way," and he led me through a dark passage hung with dingy Old Masters to a little yard filled with the debris of picture frames. There he unlocked a door in the wall and I found myself in a narrow alley. As I emerged I heard the bell of the shop-door ring. "If any one inquires, you have not seen me here, remember," I said, and Mr. Levison nodded. He was an artist in his small way and liked the scent of a mystery.

I ran down the lane and by various cross streets made my way into Bayswater. I believed that I had thrown my trackers for the moment off the scent, but I had got to get to the Embassy, and that neighborhood was sure to be closely watched. I came out on the Bayswater Road pretty far west, and resolved to strike south-east across the Park. My reason was that the neighborhood of Hyde Park Corner was certain at that time of day to be pretty well crowded, and I felt more security in a throng than in the empty streets of Kensington. Now that I come to think of it, it was a rash thing to do, for since Lumley knew the full

extent of my knowledge, he was likely to deal more violently with me than with Chapman, and the seclusion of the Park offered him too good a chance.

I crossed the riding-track and struck over the open space where the Sunday demonstrations are held. There was nothing there but nurses and perambulators, children at play, and dogs being exercised. Presently I reached Grosvenor Gate, where on the little green chairs well-dressed people were taking the air. I recognized several acquaintances and stopped for a moment to talk to one of them. Then I emerged in Park Lane and walked down it to Hamilton Place. So far I thought I had not been followed, but now once more I had the indefinable but unerring sensation of being watched. I caught a man looking eagerly at me from the other side of the street, and it seemed to me that he made a sign to some one farther off. There was now only a quarter of a mile between me and Belgrave Square, but I saw that it would be a hard course to cover.

Once in Piccadilly there could be no doubt about my watchers. The place was filled with the usual mid-season crowd, and I had to take off my hat several times. Up in the bow-window of the Bachelors' Club a young friend of mine was writing a letter and sipping a long drink with an air of profound boredom. I would have given much for his *ennui*, for my life at the moment was painfully exciting. I was alone in that crowd, isolated and proscribed, and there was no help save in my own wits. If I spoke to a policeman he would think me drunk or mad, and yet I was on the edge of being made the victim of a far subtler crime than fell within the purview of the Metropolitan force. Now I saw how thin is the protection of civilization. An accident and a bogus ambulance—a false charge and a bogus arrest—there were a dozen ways of spiriting me out of this gay, bustling world. I foresaw that, if I delayed, my nerve would break, so I boldly set off across the road.

I all but shared the fate of Chapman. A car which seemed about to draw up at a club door suddenly swerved across the street, and I had to dash to an island to escape it. It was no occasion to hesitate, so, dodging a bus and missing a motor bicycle by a hair's breadth, I rushed across the remaining distance and reached the railings of the Green Park. Here there were fewer people, and several curious things began to happen. A little group of workmen with their tools were standing by the curb, and they suddenly moved towards me. A pavement artist, who looked like a cripple, scrambled to his feet and moved in the same direction. There was a policeman at the corner, and I saw a well-dressed man go up to him, say something and nod in my direction, and the policeman too began to move towards me. I did not await them. I took to my heels and ran for my life down Grosvenor Place.

Long ago at Eton I had won the school mile, and at Oxford I was a second string for the quarter. But never at Eton or at Oxford did I run as I ran then. It was blisteringly hot, but I did not feel it, for my hands were clammy and my heart felt like a cold stone. I do not know how the pursuit fared, for I did not think of it; I did not reflect what kind of spectacle I must afford running like a thief in a London thoroughfare on a June afternoon; I only knew that my enemies were around and behind me, and that in front, a few hundred yards away, lay safety. But even as I ran I had the sense to think out my movements, and to realize that the front door of the Embassy was impossible. For one

thing it would be watched, and for another, before the solemn footmen opened it, my pursuers would be upon me. My only hope was the back door.

I twisted into the Mews behind the north side of the Square, and as I turned I saw two men run up from the Square as if to cut me off. A whistle was blown and more men appeared—one entering from the far end of the Mews, one darting from a public house door, and one sliding down a ladder from a stable-loft. This last was nearest me and tried to trip me, but I rejoice to say that a left-hander on the chin sent him sprawling on the cobbles. I remembered that the Embassy was the fifth house from the end, and feverishly I tried to count the houses by their backs. It is not so easy as it sounds, for the modern London householder studs his back premises with excrescences which seem to melt into his neighbor's. In the end I had to make a guess at the door, which to my joy was ajar. I rushed in and banged it behind me.

I found myself in a stone passage, with on one side a door opening on a garage. There was a wooden staircase leading to an upper floor, and a glass door in front which opened into a large disused room full of boxes. Beyond were two doors, one of which was locked. The other abutted on a steep iron stairway which obviously led to the lower regions of the house. I ran down the stair—it was no more than a ladder,—crossed a small courtyard, traversed a passage, and burst into the kitchen, where I confronted an astonished white-capped *chef* in the act of lifting a pot from the fire.

His face was red and wrathful, and I thought that he was going to fling the pot at my head. I had disturbed him in some delicate operation, and his artist's pride was outraged.

"Monsieur," I stammered in French, "I seek your pardon for my intrusion. There were circumstances which compelled me to enter this house by the back premises. I am an acquaintance of His Excellency, your patron, and an old friend of Monsieur Felix. I beg you of your kindness to direct me to Monsieur Felix's room, or to bid some one take me there."

My abject apologies mollified him.

"It is a grave offence, Monsieur, an unparalleled offence, to enter my kitchen at this hour. I fear you have irremediably spoiled the new casserole dish that I was endeavoring to compose."

"It grieves me indeed to have interfered with so rare an art, which I have often admired at His Excellency's table. But there is danger behind me and an urgent mission in front. Monsieur will forgive me? Necessity will sometimes overrule the finest sensibility."

He bowed to me and I bowed to him, and my pardon was assured. Suddenly a door opened, another than that by which I had entered, and a man appeared whom I took to be a footman. He was struggling into his livery coat, but at the sight of me he dropped it. I thought I recognized the face as that of the man who had emerged from the public-house and tried to cut me off.

"'Ere, Mister Alphonse," he cried, "'elp me to collar this man. The police are after 'im."

"You forget, my friend," I said, "that an Embassy is privileged ground which the police can't enter. I desire to be taken before His Excellency."

"So that's yer game," he shouted. "But two can play at that. 'Ere, give me an 'and, moosoo, and we'll 'ave him in the street in a jiffey. There's two 'undred pounds in our pockets if we 'and 'im over to them as wants 'im."

The cook looked puzzled and a little frightened.

"Will you allow them to outrage your kitchen—an Embassy kitchen, too,—without your consent?" I said.

"What have you done?" he asked in French.

"Only what your patron will approve," I replied in the same tongue. "*Messieurs les assassins* have a grudge against me."

He still hesitated, while the young footman advanced on me. He was fingering something in his trousers-pocket which I did not like. Now was the time when, as they say in America, I should have got busy with my gun; but, alas! I had no gun. I feared supports for the enemy, for the footman at the first sight of me had run back the way he had come, and I had heard a low whistle.

What might have happened I do not know, had not the god appeared from the machine in the person of Hewins, the butler.

"Hewins," I said, "you know me. I have often dined here, and you know that I am a friend of Monsieur Felix. I am on my way to see him on an urgent matter, and for various reasons I had to enter by Monsieur Alphonse's kitchen. Will you take me at once to Monsieur Felix?"

Hewins bowed, and on his imperturbable face there appeared no sign of surprise. "This way, sir," was all he said. As I followed him I saw the footman plucking nervously at the something in his trousers-pocket. Lumley's agents apparently had not always the courage to follow his instructions to the letter, for I made no doubt that the order had been to take me alive or dead.

I found Felix alone, and flung myself into an arm-chair. "My dear chap," I said, "take my advice and advise His Excellency to sack the red-haired footman."

He was looking at me curiously, for, jaded, scarlet, dishevelled, I was an odd figure for a London afternoon. "Things seem to have been marching fast with you," he said.

"They have, but I think the march is over. I want to ask several favors. First, here is a document which sets out certain facts. I shall ring up Macgillivray at Scotland Yard and ask him to come here at 9.30 this evening. When he comes I want you to give him this and ask him to read it at once. He will know how to act on it."

Felix nodded. "And the next?"

"Give me a telegraph form. I want a wire sent at once by some one who can be trusted." He handed me a form and I wrote out a telegram to Lumley at the Albany, saying that I proposed to call upon him that evening at 8 o'clock sharp, and asking him to receive me.

"Next?" said Felix.

"Next and last, I want a room with a door which will lock, a hot bath, and something to eat about 7. I might be permitted to taste Monsieur Alphonse's new casserole dish."

I rang up Macgillivray, reminded him of his promise, and told him what awaited him at 9.30. Then I had a wash, and afterwards at my leisure gave Felix a sketch of the day's doings. I have never felt more completely at my ease, for whatever happened I was certain that I had spoiled Lumley's game. He would know by now that I had reached the Embassy, and that any further attempts on my life and liberty were futile. My telegram would show him that I was prepared to offer terms, and I would certainly be permitted to reach the Albany unmolested. To the meeting with my adversary I looked forward without qualms, but with the most lively interest. I had my own theories about that distinguished criminal, and

I hoped to bring them to the proof.

I left Belgrave Square about a quarter to eight and retraced my steps along the route which for me that afternoon had been so full of tremors. I was still being watched—a little observation told me that—but I would not be interfered with, provided my way lay in a certain direction. So completely without nervousness was I that at the top of Constitution Hill I struck into the Green Park and kept to the grass till I emerged into Piccadilly opposite Devonshire House. A light wind had risen and the evening had grown pleasantly cool. I met several men I knew going out to dinner on foot and stopped to exchange greetings. From my attire they thought I had just returned from a day in the country.

I reached the Albany as the clock was striking eight. Lumley's rooms were on the first floor, and I was evidently expected, for the porter himself conducted me to them and waited by me till the door was opened by a manservant. You know those *rococo*, late Georgian Albany rooms, large, square, clumsily corniced. Lumley's was lined with books, which I saw at a glance were of a different type from those in his working library at his country house. This was the collection of a bibliophile, and in the light of the summer evening the rows of tall volumes in vellum and morocco lined the walls like some rich tapestry. The valet retired and shut the door, and presently from a little inner chamber came his master. He was dressed for dinner and wore more than ever the air of the eminent diplomat.

"Good evening, Mr. Leithen," he said pleasantly. "As you have fixed the hour of eight, may I offer you dinner?"

"Thank you," I replied, "but I have already dined. I have chosen an awkward time, but my business need not take long."

"So," he said. "I am always glad to see you at any hour."

"And I prefer to see the master rather than the subordinates who have been infesting my life during the past week."

We both laughed. "I am afraid you have had some annoyance, Mr. Leithen," he said. "But remember, I gave you fair warning."

"True. And I have come to do the same kindness to you. That part of the game, at any rate, is over."

"Over?" he queried, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes, over," I said, and took out my watch. "Let us be quite frank with each other, Mr. Lumley. There is really very little time to waste. As you have doubtless read the paper which you stole from my friend this morning, you know more or less the extent of my information."

"Let us have frankness by all means. Yes, I have read your paper. A very creditable piece of work, if I may say so. You will rise in your profession, Mr. Leithen. But surely you must realize that it carries you a very little way."

"In a sense you are right. I am not in a position to reveal the full extent of your misdeeds. Of the Power-House and its doings I can only guess. But Pitt-Heron is on his way home, and he will be jealously safeguarded on that journey. Your creature, Saronov, has confessed. We shall know more very soon, and meantime I have clear evidence which implicates you in a conspiracy to murder."

He did not answer, but I wished I could see behind his tinted spectacles to the look in his eyes. I think he had not been quite prepared for the line I took.

"I need not tell you, as a lawyer, Mr. Leithen," he said at last, "that what seems good evidence on paper is often feeble enough in Court. You can-

not suppose that I will tamely plead guilty to your charges. On the contrary, I will fight them with all the force that brains and money can give. You are an ingenious young man, but you are not the brightest jewel of the English Bar."

"That also is true. I do not deny that some of my evidence may be weakened at the trial. It is even conceivable that you may be acquitted on some technical doubt. But from the day you leave the Court you will be a suspected man. The police of all Europe will be on your trail. You have been highly successful in the past, and why? Because you have been above suspicion, an honorable and distinguished gentleman, belonging to the best clubs, counting as your acquaintances the flower of our society. Now you will be a suspect, a man with a past, a centre of strange stories. I put it to you—how far you are likely to succeed under these conditions?"

He made a sudden, odd, nervous movement, pushing his glasses close back upon his eyes.

"What about yourself?" he said hoarsely. "Do you think you can play against me without suffering desperate penalties?"

Taking a step to his left he touched a bell.

I was not perturbed, and I told him so. "My safety is that I am dealing with an intelligent man, and not with the ordinary half-witted criminal. You do not want my life in silly revenge. If you call in your man and between you cut my throat what earthly good would it do to you?"

The door opened, but it was at my back and I did not see the servant. Lumley was looking beyond me and the passion was dying out of his face.

"A mistake, James," he said. "You can go."

"Yes. A mistake. I have a considerable admiration for you, Mr. Lumley, and should be sorry to be disappointed. I have said I will deal frankly. Well, let me put my last cards on the table. At half-past nine precisely the duplicate of that statement of mine which you annexed this morning will be handed to Scotland Yard. I may add that the authorities there know me, and are acting under my advice. When they read that statement they will act on it. You have therefore about one and a half, or say one and threequarter, hours to make up your mind. You can still secure your freedom, but it must be elsewhere than in England."

He had risen to his feet, and was pacing up and down the room.

"Will you oblige me by telling me one thing?" he said. "If you believe me to be, as you say, a dangerous criminal, how do you reconcile it with your conscience to give me a chance to escape? It is your duty to bring me to justice."

"I will tell you why. I, too, have a weak joint in my armor. Yours is that you can only succeed under the disguise of high respectability. That disguise, in any case, will be stripped from you. Mine is Pitt-Heron. I do not know how far he has entangled himself with you, but I know something of his weakness, and I don't want his career ruined and his wife's heart broken. He has learned his lesson, and will never mention you and your schemes to a mortal soul. Indeed, if I can help it, he will never know that any one shares his secret. The price of the chance of escape I offer you is that Pitt-Heron's past be buried forever."

He did not answer. He had his arms folded, walking up and down the room, and suddenly seemed to have aged enormously. I had the impression that I was dealing with a very old man.

"Mr. Leithen," he said at last, "you are bold. You have a frankness which almost amounts to genius. You are wasted in your stupid profession, but your speculative powers are not equal to your other endowments, so you will probably remain in it, detained by an illogical scruple from following your true bent. Your true *métier*, believe me, is what shallow people call crime. Speaking 'without prejudice,' as the idiot solicitors say, it would appear that we have both weak spots in our cases. Mine, you say, is that I can only work by using the conventions of what we agreed to call the machine. There may be truth in that. Yours is that you have a friend who lacks your iron-clad discretion. You offer a plan which saves both our weaknesses. By the way, what is it?"

I looked at my watch again. "You have ample time to catch the night express to Paris."

"And if not?"

"Then I am afraid there may be trouble with the police some time between ten and eleven o'clock."

"Which for all our sakes would be a pity. Well, your plan is certainly possible. There may be another and easier way. I am not certain. I must think. After all, I have had a good run for my money, and you are probably right in thinking that the future holds difficulties. Perhaps it would be wiser if you left me now, Mr. Leithen. If I take your advice there will be much to do, and if I choose another way there may be more."

He led me to the door as if he were an ordinary host speeding an ordinary guest. I remember that on my way he pointed out a set of Aldines, and called my attention to their beauty. He shook hands quite cordially, but I was glad to find myself in Piccadilly in the wholesome company of my kind. I had carried myself boldly enough in the last half-hour, but I would not have gone through it again for a king's ransom. Do you know what it is to deal with a pure intelligence, a brain stripped of any shred of humanity? It is like being in the company of a snake.

I drove to the club and telephoned to Macgillivray, asking him to take no action on my statement till he heard from me in the morning. Then I went to the hospital to see Chapman. I found that leader of the people in a furious temper, scarcely to be appeased by my narrative of the day's doings. Your Labor member is the greatest of all sticklers for legality, and the outrage he had suffered that morning had grievously weakened his sense of public security. There was little the matter with his body, and the doctor promised that he would be allowed up next day, but his soul was a mass of bruises. He hoped for a public exposure of Lumley and all his works, and listened gloomily to my injunctions to silence. However, he promised to hold his tongue out of loyalty to Tommy, and I knew that Pitt-Heron's secret was safe with him.

As I crossed Westminster Bridge on my way home the night express to the Continent rumbled over the river. I wondered if Lumley was on board, or if he had taken that other way of which he had spoken.

. . . . . .

I do not think I was surprised at the news I read in "The Times" next morning. Mr. Andrew Lumley had died suddenly in the night of heart failure. There was an obituary in "leader" type of more than a column. He had been older than I had thought—close on seventy—and "The Times" spoke of him as a man who might have done anything he pleased in public life, but had chosen to give to a small coterie of friends what was due to the country. I read of his wit and learning, his amazing connoisseurship, his so-

cial gifts, his personal charm. According to the writer, he was the finest type of cultivated amateur, a Beckford with more than a Beckford's wealth and none of his folly. Large private charities were hinted at, and a hope was expressed that some part at least of his collection might come to the nation. At his funeral, three days later, two eminent statesmen were among the pall-bearers, Royalty was represented, and there were wreaths from learned societies and scores of notable people. He had certainly, as he expressed it, had a run for his money. I could dimly imagine what his death meant to the vast subterranean network that he had controlled. From it came no wreaths or newspaper tributes, but I knew that the Power-House had lost its power. . . .

De mortuis, &c. My task was done, and it only remained to get Pitt-Heron home. Of the three people in London besides myself who knew the story—Macgillivray, Chapman, and Felix—the two last might be trusted to be silent, and Scotland Yard is not in the habit of publishing its information. I wanted Charles to believe that his secret died with Lumley, for otherwise I do not think that he would have readily returned to England. I got Felix to arrange to have the news of the death published in a Russian paper which Charles could not avoid seeing. The device was successful. Calling at Portman Square a few days later I learned from Ethel Pitt-Heron's glowing face that her troubles were over, and the same evening a cable from Tommy announced the return of the wanderers.

. . . . . .

Blackwood's Magazine.

It was the year of the Chilian Arbitration, in which I held a junior brief for the British Government, and that and the late sitting of Parliament detained me in London after the end of term. It was a hot August afternoon when I met Tommy again. The sun was shining through the dirty windows of my Temple chambers, much as it had done when he started, and, as far as I remember, the West Ham brief which had aroused his contempt was still adorning my table. I was hot and cross and fagged when the door opened, and Tommy, lean and sunburnt, stalked in.

"Still at the old grind!" he cried, after we had shaken hands. "Fellows like you give one a notion of the meaning of Eternity."

"I congratulate you on your success," I said. "I hear you have retrieved Pitt-Heron for his mourning family."

Tommy's laughing eyes grew solemn. "I have had the time of my life," he said. "It was like a chapter out of the Arabian Nights with a dash of Fenimore Cooper. I feel as if I had lived years since I left England in May. While you have been sitting among your musty papers we have been riding like moss-troopers and seeing men die. Come and dine to-night and hear about our adventures. I can't tell you the full story, for I don't know it, but there is enough to curl your hair."

Then I achieved my first and last score at the expense of Tommy Deloraine.

"No," I said, "you will dine with me instead and *I* will tell you the full story. All the papers on the subject are over there in my safe."

John Buchan.

The End.

THE HALO THEY GIVE THEMSELVES.

[*Note.—Mr. Punch* is in the extraordinarily fortunate position of being able to present to his readers a story specially written for him by *Mrs. Florence Barclay* (author of *The Broken Halo* and other imperishable works) and *Mr. Hall Caine* (author of *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* and kindred masterpieces) in collaboration. The meeting of the two famous writers took place at Bouverie Street, each of them expressing considerable surprise at hearing that the other wrote books also. After they had compared sales and methods of advertisement, they arranged that their new story for *Mr. Punch* should be written in alternate spasms.]

Chapter I.—Sunday Morning.
(Mrs. Barclay begins.)

It was a beautiful Sunday morning. All nature browsed in solemn Sabbath stillness. The Little Gray Woman of the Night-Light was hurrying, somewhat late, to church.

Down the white ribbon of road the Virile Benedict of the Libraries came bicycling, treadling easily from the ankles. He rode boldly, with only one hand on the handle-bars, the other in the pocket of his white flannel cricketing trousers. His footballing tie, with his college arms embroidered upon it, flapped gently in the breeze. To look at him you would have said that he was probably a crack polo player on his way to defend the championship against all comers, or the captain of a county golf eleven. As he rode, his soul overflowing with the joy of life, he hummed the Collect for the Day.

It was exactly opposite the church that he ran into the Little Gray Woman of the Night-Light. He had just flashed past a laborer in the road—known to his cronies as the Flap-eared Denizen of the Turnip-patch—a laborer who in the dear dead days of *Victoria* would have touched his hat humbly, but who now, in this horrible age of attempts to level all class distinctions, actually went on lighting his pipe! Alas, that the respectful deference of the poor toward the rich is now a thing of the past! So thought the Virile Benedict of the Libraries, and in thinking this he had let his mind wander from the important business of guiding his bicycle! In another moment he had run into the Little Gray Woman of the Night-Light!

She had seen him coming and had given a warning cry; for, though as a child she had been fond of horses, bicycles had always filled her with alarm. It was too late. The next moment he shot over his handle-bars; but even as he revolved through the air he wondered how old she really was, and what, if any, was her income. For since the death of the Little White Lady he had formed a habit of marrying elderly women for their money, and his fifth or sixth wife had perished of old age only a few months ago.

[*Hall Caine* (waking up). *Who, pray, is the Little White Lady?*

Mrs. Barclay. His first wife. She comes in my book, "The Broken Halo," now in its two hundredth edition.

Hall Caine (annoyed). *Tut!*]

"Jove," he said cheerily, as he picked himself and her and his bicycle up, "that was a nasty spill. As my Aunt Louisa used to say to the curate when he upset the milk-jug into her lap, 'No milk, thank you.'" His brown eyes danced with amusement as he related this reminiscence of his boyhood. To the Little Gray Woman he seemed to exhale youth from every pore.

"What did your Aunt Louisa say when her ankle was sprained?" she asked with a rueful smile.

In an instant the merry banter faded from the Virile Benedict's brown eyes, and was replaced by the commanding look of one who has taken a brilliant degree in all his medical examinations.

"Allow me," he said brusquely; "I am a doctor." He bent down and listened to her ankle.

It did not take Dr. Dick Cameron's quick ear long to find out all there was to know. His manner became very gentle and his voice very low; and, though he continued to exhale youth, he did it less ostentatiously than before.

"I must carry you home," he said, picking her up in his strong young arms; "you cannot go to church to-day."

"But the curate is preaching!"

Dr. Dick murmured something profane under his breath about curates. He had, alas! these moments of irreverence; as, for instance, on one occasion when he had spoken of *Mr. Louis N. Parker's* noble picture-play quite shortly as "Jos. Bros."

"I will carry you home," he said gently. "Tell me where you live, Little Gray Woman."

She smiled up at him bravely. "The Manor House," she said.

His voice became yet more gentle. "And now tell me your income," he whispered; and his whole being trembled with emotion as he waited for her reply.

[*Mrs. Barclay. There! That's the end of the chapter. Now it's your turn.*

Hall Caine (waking up). *I don't know if I told you that in my last great work of the imagination, in which I collaborated with the Bishop of London, I wrote throughout in the first person. Nearly a million copies were sold, thus showing that the heart of the great public approved of my method of telling my story through the mouth of a young and innocent girl, exposed to great temptation. I should wish, therefore, to repeat that method in this story, if you could so arrange it.*

Mrs. Barclay. But that's easy. The Little Gray Woman shall tell Dr. Dick the story of her first marriage. I did that in my last book, "The Broken Halo," now in its two hundredth edition.

Hall Caine (annoyed). *Tut!*]

Chapter II.—Under the Cedar.

(*Mrs. Barclay continues.*)

They were having tea in the garden—the Little Gray Woman and Dr. Dick. More than six months had elapsed since the accident outside the church, and Dr. Dick still remained on at the Manor House in charge of his patient, wishing to be handy in case the old sprain came on again suddenly. She was eighty-two and had twelve thousand a year. On the lawn a thrush was singing.

"How fresh and green the world is to-day," sighed Dr. Dick, leaning back and exhaling youth. "As the curate used to say to my Aunt Louisa, 'A delightful shower after the rain.'" He laughed merrily and threw a crumb at the thrush with the perfect aim of a good cricketer throwing the ball at the wickets.

"My dear boy," said the Little Gray Woman, "the world is always fresh and green to youth like yours. But to an old woman like me——"

"Not old," said Dick, with an ardent glance; "only eighty-two. Mrs. Beauchamp, will you marry me?"

She looked at him with a sad but tender smile.

"What *would* my friends say?" she asked.

"Bother your friends."

"My dear boy, you would be considerably surprised if you could glance through an approximate list of the friends I possess to-day. Do you know that if I marry you I shall be required to make an explanation to several royal ladies—that is, if they graciously grant me the opportunity so to do."

"But I want your mon—I mean I *love* you," he pleaded, the light of youth shining in his brown eyes.

The Little Gray Woman looked at him tenderly. Their eyes met.

"Listen," she said. "I will tell you the story of my first marriage, and then if you wish you shall ask me again."

Dr. Dick helped himself to another slice of cake and leant back to listen.

[*Mrs. Barclay. There you are. Now you can do Chapter Three.*

Hall Caine. Excellent. It is quite time that one got some emotion into this story. In "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," of which more than a million——"

Mrs. Barclay. Emotion, indeed! My last book is already in its two hundredth edition.

Hall Caine (annoyed). *Tut!*]

Chapter III.—Mrs. Beauchamp's Story.

(Mr. Hall Caine takes up the tale.)

I have always had a wonderful memory, and my earliest recollection is of hearing my father ask, on the day when I was born, whether it was a boy or a girl. When they told him "a girl," he let fall a rough expression which sent the blood coursing over my mother's pale cheeks like lobster-sauce coursing over a turbot. My father, John Boomster, was a great advertising agent, perhaps the greatest in the Island, though he always said that there was one man who could beat him. He wanted a son to succeed him in the business, and in the years to come he never forgave me for being a girl. He would often glare at me in silence for three-quarters of an hour, and then, letting fall the same rough expression, throw a boot at me and stride from the room. A hard, cruel man, my father, and yet, in his fashion, he was fond of me.

It was not until I was eighteen that he first spoke to me. To my dying day I shall never forget that evening; nor his words, which bit themselves into my mind as a red-hot iron bites its way into cheese.

"Nell," he said, for that was my name, though he had never used it before, "I've arranged that you are to marry Lord Wurzel two months from to-day."

At these terrible words the blood ebbed slowly from my ears and my hands grew hot.

"I do not know him," I said in a stifled voice.

"You will to-morrow," he laughed brutally, and with another rough word he strode from the room.

Lord Wurzel! I ran upstairs to my room and flung myself face downwards on the bed. In my agony I bit a large piece out of the pillow. The blood flowed forward and backward over me in waves, and I burst every now and then into a passion of weeping.

By-and-by I began to feel more serene. I decided that it was my duty to obey my father. My heart leapt within me at the thought of doing my duty, and to calm myself I put on my hat and wandered into the glen. It was very silent in the glen. There was no sound but the rustling of the leaves overhead, the popping of the insects underfoot, the sneezing of the cattle, the whistling of the pigs, the coughing of the field-mice, the roaring of the rabbits, and the deep, organ-song of the sea.

But suddenly, above all these noises, I heard a voice which sent the blood ebbing and flowing in my heart and caused the back of my neck to quiver with ecstasy.

"Nell!" it said.

It was the voice of my old comrade, Andrew Spinnaker, who had played with me in our childhood's days, and whom I had not seen now for eight years.

"Andrew!" I cried, as I turned round. "What are you doing here?"

"I am just off to discover the South Pole," he said. "My shipmates are waiting for me to command the expedition."

I noticed then for the first time that he was dressed in a seal-skin cap and a pair of sleeping bags.

"Nell," he went on, "before I go tell me you love me."

My heart fluttered like a captured bird; my knees trembled like a drunken spider's; my throat was stifled like a stifled throat. A huge wave of something or other surged over me and told me that the great mystery of the world had happened to me.

I was in love.

I was in love with Andrew Spinnaker.

"Andrew," I cried, falling on his startled chin, "I love you." All the back of my neck thrilled with joy.

But my joy was short-lived. No sooner had I become aware that I loved Andrew Spinnaker than my conscience told me I had no right to do so. I was going to marry Lord Wurzel, and to love another than my husband was sin. I shook Andrew off my lips.

"I love you," I said, "but I cannot marry you. I am marrying Lord Wurzel."

"That beast?" cried Andrew, in the impetuous sailor fashion which so endeared him to his shipmates. "When I come back I will thrash him as I would thrash a vicious ape."

"When will that be?"

"In about two months," said my darling boy. "This is going to be a very quick expedition."

"Alas, that will be my wedding day," I said with a low sob like that of a buffalo yearning for its mate. "It will be too late."

Andrew took me in his strong arms. I should not have let him, but I could not help it.

"Listen," he said, "I will start back from the Pole a day before my shipmates, and save you from that d-sh-d beast. And then I will marry you, Nell."

There was a roaring in my ears like the roaring of the bath when the tap is left on: many waters seemed to rush upon me; my hat fell off, and then deep oblivion came over me and I swooned.

* * * * *

To go through my emotions in detail during the next two months would be but to harrow you needlessly. Suffice it to say that seventeen times I flung myself face downwards on my bed and bit a piece out of the pillow, on twenty-nine occasions the blood ebbed slowly from my face, and my heart fluttered like a captured bird, while in a hundred-and-forty instances a wave of emotion surged slowly over my whole body, leaving me trembling like an aspen leaf. Otherwise my health remained good.

It was the night before the wedding. The bad Lord Wurzel had just left me with words of love upon his lying lips. To-morrow, unless Andrew Spinnaker saved me, I should be Lady Wurzel.

"A marconigram for you, miss," said our faithful old gardener, William, entering the drawing-room noiselessly by the chimney. "I brought it myself to be sure you got it."

With trembling fingers I tore it open. How my heart leapt and the hot color flooded my neck and brow when I recognized the dear schoolboy writing of my beloved Andrew! I have the message still. It went like this:

"Wireless—South Pole.

Arrived safe. Found Pole. Weather charming. Blue sky. Not a breath of wind. Am wearing my thick socks. Sun never going down. Constellations revolving without dipping. Moon going sideways. Am starting for England to-morrow. Arrive Victoria twelve o'clock, Wednesday.—*Andrew.*

Back on Wednesday! And to-morrow was Tuesday—my wedding day! There was no hope. I felt like a shipwrecked voyager. For the thirty-fifth time since the beginning of the month deep oblivion came over me and I swooned.

[*Hall Caine. I think you might go on now. I have put a little life into the story. It is perhaps not quite so vivid as my last work, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," of which more than a million copies——*

Mrs. Barclay. In the two hundredth edition of "The Broken Halo"——

Hall Caine (annoyed). *Tut!*]

Chapter IV.—The End.

(*Mrs. Barclay resumes.*)

At this point in the Little Gray Punch.

Woman's story, handsome Dr. Dick put down his third piece of cake and got up. There was a baffled look on his virile face which none of his previous wives had ever seen there. For once Dr. Dick was nonplussed!

"Is there much more of your story?" he asked.

"Five hundred and nineteen pages," she said.

The Virile Benedict of the Libraries took up his hat. Never had he exhaled youth so violently, yet never had he looked such a man. He had made up his mind. She was rich; but, after all, money was not everything.

"Good-bye," he said.

A. A. M.

SOME FACTS ABOUT FICTION.

"All books except novels are now ephemeral far more than are the writings of fiction," declared Lytton in 1830 in explaining why his own literary activities led him in that direction. "Does the biography, or the essay, or the treatise," he asked, "last even the year for which the novel endures?" The preponderance of fiction in 1830, however, had not assumed the unwieldy proportions to which it has attained in the twentieth century, when new novels are published by the score, and one that endures for a year is regarded almost as a classic.

Doubtless neither the great circulating libraries, which hammered the last nail in the coffin of the old three-volume novel in 1894 by declining to take any more fiction in that form, nor the publishers, who brought down the price and the size from a guinea and a half to six shillings, foresaw that they were opening the floodgates of a torrent of romance which would grow to its present dimensions. In the fateful year of 1894 the three-volume novel touched nearly high-water mark with a total of 184 for the twelve months. Ten years previously the total amounted to 193, and the record printed by Mr. Shaylor in his "Fascination of Books" shows that the annual number of novels fluctuated about these figures with little variation. It took three years effectually to stamp out the old system, the end coming in 1897, when only four novels were published in three-volume form. It is curious to compare these figures with the monumental total for 1912 mentioned below. Cheapness of production has undoubtedly a great deal to do with the increase in recent years. The cost of a novel is inconsiderable when compared with that of, say, an illustrated volume of memoirs, and though the number of absolute failures is proportionately higher, the possibilities of success are greater and more dazzling.

Not infrequently the novel is produced at the author's expense, a practice which, though discountenanced by the leading houses, is common enough among other publishers. In the old days it was a more expensive matter

thus to enter the alluring world of letters, but now any one can become a novelist for £50 or £60, a sum sufficient to cover the initial cost of a first edition of, say, 750 copies. Apart from such doubtful ventures as these, the number of new novels has increased by leaps and bounds during the last few years. Though they yield less on an average than in the old three-volume days, when the circulating libraries ensured a certain success for most of them, they are now so numerous that, in the aggregate, the majority of publishers find them more profitable than any other branch of general literature. This applies especially to the younger houses, which cannot afford to be so altruistic in their literary outlook as the old-established firms. "Literature is all very well for the aristocrats of the trade," declared one of the disillusioned younger publishers, "but it is impossible to build up a business upon it." At the end of two years a novel which has only had a moderate success in six-shilling form may take on a new lease of life in a cheap edition, from sevenpence upwards; though the sevenpenny reprint is not beloved by publishers as a whole, who blame it for much of the falling off in the sales of more expensive books.

The mystery to the layman is what becomes of the appalling amount of dead stock which must accumulate in these days of short-lived fiction. Not many of the 1,400 new novels and collected short stories published last year —save those which now, almost automatically, reappear in due course in these cheap editions—will ever need reprinting. The same merciful oblivion is rapidly overtaking the fiction even of last spring. One publisher, who issued more than a score of new novels during that season, expressed no surprise, when discussing them with the present writer the other day, that only two showed any sign of life. The modern demand for newness at all costs has so infected the world of books that it is always the latest novel that is asked for first. Samuel Rogers (who said, "When a new book comes out I always read an old one"), born while "Tristram Shandy" was making its leisurely appearance in nine volumes spread over seven or eight years, lived through an age in which it was far easier to keep in touch with the new literature as well as the old, than at the present time, when we produce something like 12,000 books in the course of a single year. In October of 1912 alone were published no fewer than 1,740 new works and new editions, constituting an average of some 64 books for every week-day, and creating a new record in the English book trade. Fiction swells this flood more markedly every year, yet the number of its volumes actually published is insignificant when compared with the dreary waste of manuscripts which never attain to the dignity of print. It is depressing to think of the amount of futile authorship represented by these figures. Years ago Mr. Andrew Lang estimated that "out of every hundred who wrote novels only one was fortunate enough to get his work printed," and as about 900 secured a publisher he calculated that the novelists of Great Britain at that date numbered roughly 100,000. This total would be vastly increased at the present day, according to the same reckoning, and though the figures are doubtless wide of the mark, a publisher's estimate that he accepted, on an average, only thirteen manuscripts out of every five hundred submitted supports the view that the writing of books has degenerated into a habit. Let it be accounted for righteousness on the publishers' part that, while flooding the market at this time of year with books which, on the whole, maintain a tolerable level of excellence,

they have stemmed a tide which might have been infinitely worse.

The publisher who has long proved how vain is the attempt to pour the purest draughts of literature down unwilling throats may be forgiven if at last he adapts the old theory that every people has as good a government as it deserves, and maintains that every people also has a literature as good as it deserves. A list of the most popular novels of the year would probably be headed by the following twelve:—

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me." Hall Caine.
"The Amateur Gentleman." Jeffery Farnol.
"The Mating of Lydia." Mrs. Humphry Ward.
"The Devil's Garden." W. B. Maxwell.
"The Broken Halo." Florence L. Barclay.
"Stella Maris." W. J. Locke.
"Eldorado." Baroness Orczy.
"The Regent." Arnold Bennett.
"The Passionate Friends." H. G. Wells.
"The Judgment House." Sir Gilbert Parker.
"The Way of Ambition." Robert Hichens.
"Fortitude." Hugh Walpole.

That Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose autumn novel has not had time to find its place among the chosen favorites, succeeds in holding her own so well is one of the reassuring signs that pandering to the popular taste is not the only passport to the ranks—so curiously mixed and odiously named—of *Best Sellers*.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell's success with "The Devil's Garden" recalls his mother's triumph just over fifty years ago with "Lady Audley's Secret," the sale of which was extraordinary even in those palmy days of the three-volume novel. Perhaps no romance that was ever written, according to Mr. Tinsley, the publisher, had a more adventurous run for fortune than "Lady Audley's Secret." It was begun in a little publication called "Robin Goodfellow," which had a short life, even though edited by Charles, afterwards Dr., Mackay. It was recommenced as a serial in the *Sixpenny Magazine*, which, I think, died before the book was finished. It was announced to be published at two shillings, and a Mr. Skeet, a publisher in King William-street, Strand, advertised it in three volumes, before we gave Miss Braddon, I feel sure, a larger sum than she had dreamed of. After that we gave her five hundred pounds and other handsome presents, and then we had a good profit on the book.

Miss Braddon (Mrs. John Maxwell) no longer heads the list of "best sellers," but the very fact that she is again represented this season with a new novel, "Miranda," written with a freshness which many a younger writer might envy, is in its way a greater achievement than the success of "The Devil's Garden." Editions mount up more rapidly—and often mean considerably less—in these days than in the fifties, and it is curious to note that while seven editions of "The Devil's Garden" are said to have been called for within three weeks of its publication, it took "Lady Audley's Secret" three months to reach eight editions in three-volume form.

They think little of our "record" sales in the United States, where, to begin with, there is a population more than twice as great as our own; where also the circulating libraries, if they exist at all, play but a negligible part in the book world. A really popular novel will run to half a million copies in the States, and more, if the so-called "campaign" round its production be conducted with all the resources of the American publisher's craft. More restraint is used to-day than was the case a few years ago, in what Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, in an American

book on "The Publisher," which Messrs. Constable are issuing over here, describes as the "crazy period," when brute advertising sent up the circulation of such novels as "David Harum" to well over half a million copies. The "crazy period" was too unsound to last. Novels can never be foisted on the public for an indefinite period after the fashion of patent pills. At the back of the unthinking masses of readers in America, as well as in England, there is always a saving section of the public with high ideals in literature and a true literary judgment. After a few seasons of triumphant booming the new American methods were found out. As one critic complained:—

You call your novel a masterpiece in March; 100.000 copies are sold by the end of April; in May it is the greatest novel of the age; 300,000 copies are sold by the middle of July; it is immortalized as a classic in August; 500,000 copies are sold before the end of September. By November it is dead and forgotten.

Mr. W. D. Howells was not merely decrying his more popular rivals when he declared that he would be ashamed to write the books that sold by the hundred thousand in that way. An overdose of such masterpieces produced the inevitable reaction, and American publishing, though it still runs its campaigns and pushes its wares in ways still undreamt of in this country, is to-day more dignified in its methods and more fastidious in its choice of ready-made immortals. Fiction still sells to an enormous extent, though it generally costs the reader more, novels in increasing number having now joined the bulk of general literature in being published in the States on the net basis. This was brought about several years ago in order to encourage bookselling in its legitimate channels, the booksellers complaining that certain of the large department stores often sold novels at an actual loss for the sake of the advertisement.

Nowadays it is not so easy for the English novel to succeed in America as was the case some ten or twenty years ago, before American readers began seriously to interest themselves in home-made fiction. To-day the American novelist has not only terminated the preponderating vogue of English writers, but has also, by degrees, carried the competition into England as well as into Canada, Australia, and other colonies, where the Western setting of so many American tales makes a strong appeal to the more rugged colonial mind. Novels with essentially American backgrounds do not find so many readers in this country as do English novels with distinctive English settings among American readers. Miss Mary Johnston, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Sydnor Harrison—the last of the new American school to find a ready welcome in this country—are notable exceptions; but, speaking generally, the English public remains more insular in its taste than the present-day reader in the United States. Though it is harder for the average English novel to enter the American book market to-day, and harder still to head the list of best-selling books there, this is due not so much to its local setting as to the number and popular quality of its American rivals. According to the October *Bookman* of New York, the six novels which sold best in the United States during the month before going to press were, in the order given:—

"V.V.'s Eyes." By H. Sydnor Harrison.
"Laddie." By G. Stratton-Porter.
"The Inside of the Cup." By Winston Churchill.
"The Inside Trail." By Rex Beach.
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me." By Hall Caine.

"The Judgment House." By Sir Gilbert Parker.

"V.V.'s Eyes" and "The Inside of the Cup" were also included in a list of best-selling books of the same month in England, thus balancing the account with Mr. Hall Caine and Sir Gilbert Parker.

The short life of the modern book is some excuse—though by no means a sufficient one—for the survival of a practice which leads to so much unnecessary confusion in the future. It is difficult to say when any book may be considered as not only dead, but damned; but three months is a liberal allowance to give as the average life of the modern novel, its life, that is to say, so far as concerns its publisher, who regards it as rather a success than otherwise if it lives through one whole season. The book may, of course, be read much longer through the circulating libraries and elsewhere, but from the publishers' point of view it is usually doomed before the end of three months, and consigned to the condemned cell until its time arrives to be "slaughtered"—to use the case-hardened trade term for clearing out the stock—a period which generally varies between two and four years, but is frequently considerably less. The Via Dolorosa, along which the book, once freighted with high hopes and ambitions, is then left to travel, is a road of various vicissitudes. Often it leads to the Jewish dealers in the East-end, who buy such books by the cart-load, at their own price—usually just below, or at the most a fraction above, a penny each!—and hawk them round the country until they are all sacrificed for whatever they will realize. They are lucky if they succeed in finding a resting place in some public library, most library committees, very properly, being opposed to the spending of rate-payers' money on worthless fiction. Since, however, practically every public library in the kingdom is forced to issue for home reading far more works of fiction, good, bad, and indifferent, than all other branches of literature put together, it generally meets the demands of the majority by arrangement through the regular book-selling channels. Most of the unfortunates from the East-end, therefore, are sold for what they will fetch at drapers' shops, country fairs, seaside libraries—anywhere, in fact, that the hawker can get rid of them. Thousands of them are shipped to the Colonies; or their publishers, if old-fashioned enough still to retain tender regard for their failures, will bury them decently, after a certain number of years, by transferring them into what they term their eightpenny stock, selling them as such to the booksellers in the off-season through their own travellers. Or perhaps they find their way to the more familiar remainder market, though fiction no longer finds a ready refuge in this grave of so many blighted hopes. It was different in the old three-decker days, when novels were fewer, and of greater value in the regular remainder trade. Mr. Glaisher remembers, for example, when "Beauchamp's Career" and other novels by George Meredith found their way to the remainder market almost as a matter of course, copies of the first editions, now at a premium, being regularly sold for a shilling or two shillings each. To-day's unappreciated fiction plays a comparatively small part in this trade, which finds it more profitable to hunt for bigger game—the weightier and more expensive books which, for various reasons, not always associated with failure, are forced to come down in price. One other fate reserved for the unfortunates—perhaps the kindest fate of all—is to be sentenced to the paper mills and reduced once more to pulp, to serve, like some palimpsest of old, as material for a new text.

The Times.

FRANCE IN 1914 AND 1814.

All the signs of the situation point to the probability that the coming year in France will be one of the utmost importance and gravity both in foreign and domestic affairs, and especially in questions of domestic interest and the development of the Parliamentary constitution of the Republic. Not since the fall of the Conservatives nearly forty years ago and the accession of the Gambettist Republicans to power have issues been raised, within the Republican parties at least, which could compare in interest and significance with the quarrel that has come to a head between the Jacobinical Radicals, as they may be called, and the Moderate Republicans who have gathered around M. Briand. The present Premier, who succeeded to place rather than to assured power only a few weeks ago, is one of the heads of the Ultras, the Uncompromising, the "pure sons of the Revolution," who wish always to keep France divided by the old cries of proscription and sectarianism, which have served to seat in office so many French Cabinets during the past generation, but which appear to possess less hold upon Frenchmen alarmed by the dangers of division in face of the foreign enemy. M. Caillaux is supposed to be really led by M. Clemenceau, and the "cri de combat" of the Vieux Tigre, as the Cabinet-slaying Clemenceau is affectionately styled, certainly seems to dominate the concert or discord of the Jacobin menagerie. The recent speech of M. Briand, the former Premier who broke the strike on the French railways by superb courage and resourcefulness, forms the programme of the Moderate parties. M. Briand makes no appeal to professed Conservatives. With his Socialist antecedents he would be disinclined in any case to seek the support of the Right, which forms so small a section of the deputies to-day. He prefers to address Republicans alone; but he cannot be blind to the fact that it is Conservatism, if not Conservatives, which alone can stand him in good stead against the revolutionary passions on the other side. The course of events in France has been rapid of recent years, and multitudes of Republicans feel that the security of property and the freedom of conscience are blessings worth striving to obtain under the best of Republics. But the instinct of patriotism, the consciousness that France is endangered by the anti-militarist propaganda of the extreme Radicals and Socialists, forms the strongest argument for a policy of union among Frenchmen. It is true that the members of the Caillaux Ministry are supporting as Ministers the Three Years' Service, against which they voted as private deputies. This is not the sort of support which satisfies the anxieties of French patriots. The Caillaux Ministry has still to find the pecuniary supplies required to meet the additional expenses for the national defence, and the tremendous deficit which the Premier has had to avow intensifies the general uneasiness.

It is one of those coincidences which act like premonitions, that in this New Year, which opened with such tremendous responsibilities for French citizens without distinction of party, the minds of all Frenchmen acquainted with the history of their great country go back to the memory of the earth-shaking events of the fall of the Great Napoleon just a century ago. From 1914, covered with such a cloud of difficulty, the reflections of statesmen and scholars are compelled to turn to the closing scenes of that astounding

career which for twenty years had held France supreme over the European continent. The ruinous retreat from Moscow in 1812 had shaken the Colossus. The year 1813 had witnessed the simultaneous rising of the nations which had been so long curbed by the genius of the French Lord of War, and the terrible campaign of Dresden and Leipsic had swept the Emperor and his shattered host out of Germany. In 1814 the victorious soldiery of united Europe were to pour into France itself, and, after that marvellous resistance in which Napoleon displayed anew his full supremacy of generalship, were to penetrate to haughty Paris and to force the overpowered Emperor to abdication at Fontainebleau. There is not a day for the next four months which is not the centennial anniversary of some astonishing victory, of some shattering defeat, which strikes almost like an event of yesterday upon the recollection of the French public. It is a painful commentary that the end of the century finds France again in face of external dangers of tremendous magnitude, while the question of the union of Frenchmen in a common policy of patriotism is still waiting for a satisfactory answer. As the French public follows from day to day, in the extracts from the history of a hundred years ago, the agonizing record of the tragic struggle, it should at least learn some lesson capable of counteracting that steady descent of the Grande Nation from its ancient domination to the faction-torn spectacle of the present time. Democratic liberty may be a beautiful ideal: but when it means the internecine struggle of subversive parties for place and office, with no apparent regard for the common interest, it may perilously resemble national suicide whether on the Seine or on the Thames.

The powerful criticism which M. Ribot, another of the most respected of French politicians, has directed against the financial programme of the Caillaux Cabinet reveals too clearly that French Socialism is as bent as our own Lloyd George and Company upon vote-catching rather than on promoting the public security or advantage. Upon the accuracy of the Caillaux estimate of the exact indebtedness of France M. Ribot throws the most emphatic doubt. He characterizes the financial situation as nothing short of "chaos." We know that the Barthou Ministry, which was so lately upset, demanded the raising of a loan of £52,000,000 as an immediate necessity both to meet the deficit in the ordinary budget and to provide against the extraordinary expenses incurred for the increase of the Army in response to the German increase. It is true that Germany has always to provide against the possibility of a war "on two fronts"; and the Russian menace is at least as serious as the need of watching France. French patriots must keep in view the plain fact that Germany has increased her military strength, and France has especially to consider the possibility of having to bear the principal weight of a German invasion before Russia could intervene in the game. Getting the requisite money by an open and definite loan would be no difficult task for a French Government supported by the magnificent credit of France. The Radicals and Socialists preferred to shipwreck this straightforward method; and now M. Ribot has to warn the country openly that the Caillaux Cabinet is endeavoring to turn the national demand for increased security into an excuse for exciting a war of classes over the question of the financial requirements. It is our own familiar henroost-robber over again. Just as our Jack Cade from Wales vociferates against the landlords and the dukes, so the Radical-Socialist Premier of France sug-

gests that "the favored classes" must be made to bear a special burden of the cost of national defence. It is, of course, to conciliate "Labor" and to procure the vote of "Labor" that the Franch Radical Cabinet turns the financial situation into a pretext for party discrimination at the expense of the wealthier classes of Frenchmen. M. Ribot truly points out that the unjust taxation of Capital hits Labor as directly as any other element of the body politic. So far as wealth is engaged in providing the indispensable preliminaries and conditions for the employment of Labor, an attack upon wealth involves injury and loss to manual industry and industrial employment. The damage caused by legislative sabotage of the industrial machinery of the country cannot be limited to any wealthy class. It affects the workman as necessarily as the employer. But if a class war can win a class vote, what cares Radicalism for the country?

The Outlook.

THE WOMAN'S DOG.

Where is the secret of woman's passion for toy dogs? That the mania for littleness, for eccentricity, for forlorn helplessness is chiefly a feminine weakness the enormous proportion of toy dogs at the Ladies' Kennel Show would prove, if proof were needed of a fact so obvious. Some men there are who delight in the simian ugliness of the Griffon, in the hydrocephalic pertness of the Japanese, in the inscrutable dignity of the tiny Pekingese, with its "billowing standard of pomp above its back," to borrow the fine figure of no less a personage than the late Empress Dowager of China. But the average male, loving dogs of most types, harbors a secret dislike for the Toy. He may have to put up with it for the sake of peace and quietness, but he can seldom simulate enthusiasm. It is woman who demands these dwarfs, woman who chiefly breeds them, and woman who makes most money out of the "fancy."

Of course, she overdoes it, as she overdoes all things. Nothing is quite so pathetic as the devotion of a woman —pretty, clever, and wealthy—to the rather insensible little animal she carries in her muff. Titania, coying Bottom's amiable cheeks, was profitably engaged in comparison; Bottom showed some appreciation, and had enthusiasms, if only for hay. Of course, the Toy, being a sort of a dog, is not without affection. But it is only Toy affection at best. The little creature has not room enough to develop the whole-souled worship of its human friend that dominates dogs of the grander types.

Besides, it has troubles of its own. Even in fair health it seems to be saddened by a sense of its own insignificance. Toy dogs are never puppies. They are born old, with a premature sense of the gloom of life. Just as one cannot imagine, say, John Stuart Mill making mud-pies, so one cannot fancy a highly bred Toy going into joyous delirium over a bone, or a ball, or an old slipper, or any other object appealing to the healthy puppy mind. Even if the Pekingese or the Griffon were naturally endowed with high spirits, how long could it withstand the dull magnificence of its surroundings. As easily expect sprightliness in the Escurial under the second Phillip. Sleeping in a satin-lined bed, perhaps with hangings of tapestry; bathed in scented water; going through an elaborate bill of fare, including sole, chicken, and custard—is it wonderful that the Toy

develops a well-bred indifference, a superiority to emotion that tantalizes his doting mistress and urges her to new extravagances?

The maternal instinct gone astray—that is the common explanation of this feminine craze for the pampering of pets, which among the high plutocracy almost reaches the point of insanity. Yet ordinary observation shows that it is not the childless matron and the spinster alone who decorate their pets with jewelled collars, clothe them in purple and fine linen, and encase their paws in patent leather for town wear and brogues for the country. There are plenty of houses where there are both nurse-maids and kennel-maids, and where the dogs' attendant has precedence of the children's. Still, in one sense, no doubt, the dog does represent the satisfaction of an imperious instinct of motherhood. In some women this instinct takes the form of the mere desire for a living toy, and a healthy child simply will not be anybody's toy—at least, not once it is old enough to possess a personality. Everybody knows the woman who dotes on her baby but who has only a cool kind of affection for the child of two or three years later. She can no longer dandle and pet it, make a doll of it, expend on it the dumb impulses of her mother breast. It has ideas of its own; it prefers mischief to sentiment, would rather play than be kissed, and in short signifies with great decision its conversion to an individualist philosophy. A Toy dog may not respond intelligently to endearments, but it will at least accept passively the emotions that must have some outlet, and so its snub nose and globular forehead receive the tributes which the child scorns.

Women of this type often encounter the reproach that they are wanting in womanly instinct. They are accused of wasting on the kennel what should be given to the cradle. What is wrong with them is rather an exaggeration of the qualities of their sex, the maternal passion uncontrolled by any sense of proportion. We see it in the mother of an imbecile or sickly child, and then we honor it as the ultimate expression of human devotion. When it takes the form of feeding a fluffy little dog on caviare sandwiches, we contemn it. Yet in essence there is perhaps no great difference. At the root is the woman's feeling that this thing at least is wholly hers. Only death can separate the mother and this child. Only the dog-stealer can come between mistress and pet.

Bearing in mind this tendency to love helplessness for its own sake—it is seen, too, in woman's devotion to invalid or worthless husbands who have the one virtue of fidelity—one wonders what would happen to man if woman really became the dominant sex. Would she not try to mould him much as she has moulded the Toy dog to her fancy? Men lag behind women in civilization, said Mrs. Pankhurst on her farewell to New York. What standard of civilization does the feminist desire man to reach? Something, one suspects, closely resembling the placid stupidity and dependence of a Pomeranian or a Pekingese.

The Saturday Review.

THE INQUIRING MIND.

The activities of youth are uninspired, as a rule, by thought or logical reasoning, and the child learns by direct experiment, not by the lengthy processes of reflection leading up to an experiment which shall prove a theory already formulated in the mind. It is not until we reach adolescence that we begin to realize the far-reaching effect of that impulse which first shows itself in the outstretched hand of the infant towards some shining object—the divine gift of curiosity; and only in later years can we fully grasp the fact that our lives have been shaped according to the way in which we have exercised this universal quality.

Its edge may be sadly dulled, until a man becomes satisfied by mere daily routine, dreamless and deadening; or it may be so sharpened that the mere thought of being alive is poignant with possibilities of discovery. The recluse, delving in shadowy libraries, existing in a haze of print, verifying, comparing, contrasting, always hoping that by absorption of the work of others his brain will evolve some new phantasm which he may materialize before he slips into the silence, gives life no chances of mastery, but he has his own private thrills as his strictly controlled and concentrated curiosity tugs him along the book-lined road. The ordinary events of the world, the catastrophes, revolutions, political changes, so eagerly scanned, morning, noon, and night, by his fellows, move him not at all; their desire to learn is frittered away on a thousand negligible things. They advance an inch here, an inch there, and their track is a straggling zigzag which leads nowhere.

From the remotest ages, man must have regarded the heavens with wonder, and desired to learn more of the meaning of the stars. What were these strange, twinkling points of light, varying in brilliance and in position, yet regularly completing their series of changes? Why were they scattered thinly at one part of the skies, clustered thickly at another part? Why, at long intervals, did a few brighter "stars" wander, apparently erratically, among the shining pattern overhead, to disappear for weeks and months together; and what caused the extraordinary alterations in the moon, the alarming obscurities of the sun, the sudden line of fire as a star seemed to fall flaming from its awful height? Their insatiable desire forced men to construct splendid, delicate instruments, to spend long periods in the rarefied intellectual atmosphere of intricate mathematical calculations, to press into their service the whole range of science.

The wonder of the ancients, their curiosity descending from generation to generation, spreading from East to West in a silent, mysterious, beneficent invasion, thus resulted in the clear crystallization of certain facts for the students of to-day; facts rather depressing to our sense of self-importance, yet rich with a burden of fresh desire. For new knowledge brings inevitably a broadened basis for inquiry, and it seems that with each acclaimed discovery we become as little children, round-eyed and questioning, facing renewed mysteries. Veil after veil has been torn away, yet we see but a few dim figures slowly moving; we can neither hear their voices nor discern the purport of their play. Our curiosity is roused, not lulled. To know that the whole span of life on this planet, with its peoples whom we call "ancient" and its kingdoms that

may rise and fall thousands of years hence when this twentieth century shall be an old, forgotten age, is but one flicker on the screen of its story; to find that the Earth itself is but a queer little appanage of a rather second-rate star; to know by actual vision that we are all plunging through space, perchance, during the period of known history, having accomplished a small arc of some immense orbit whose magnificent centre burns beyond the farthest nebulæ; to feel that stars have flamed and died whose light has never reached us—is not all this knowledge a fierce incitement to our desire? Whither are we bound, and why? What fate awaits us at the end of the awful journey? Are we placed among this mighty universe for a purpose, to watch, to wonder, to worship? Is the whole scheme built round us, so that, though we are not its physical centre, we may be its spiritual centre, and for us all its tremendous operations are carried on, for us its profoundest mysteries shall some day be disclosed? Or are we the subject of a trifling experiment by great unknown gods, who, curious in their turn, spy at us for their diversion, and will in a moment destroy it all, as a child wipes out a drawing on his slate?

We say unthinkingly that we wish we knew the answers to these questions. But, if we did, the keen savor of life would vanish; curiosity killed, we should become utter fatalists, and that would be the end of us. For the thought that by increased knowledge comes access of power, and that we can, even to ever so slight an extent, shape the future to our will and thus bear our part in the destiny of humanity, is the inspiration of all thinkers, the burden of all philosophers, and the belief of all the great dreamers who have moved the world.

W. L. R.

The Academy.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Under the title "Questions of Public Policy" the Yale University Press publishes four lectures which were delivered last spring at Sheffield Scientic School, Yale University, upon the foundation established by Mr. Edward D. Page. The questions are all live questions, and they were treated by experts: "The Character and Influence of Recent Immigration" by Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks of Cornell University, who was a member of the United States Immigration Commission of 1907-11; "The Essential and Unessential in Currency Legislation" by Mr. A. Piatt Andrew, former Professor of Economics in Harvard University; "The Value of the Panama Canal to this Country" by Professor Emory R. Johnson of the University of Pennsylvania; and "Benefits and Evils of the Stock Exchange" by Mr. Willard V. King of New York City. It is rare that questions of so grave moment are presented in so authoritative a way between the covers of a single volume of moderate size.

It is safe to say that comparatively few American readers have ever seen the name of R. H. Gretton, and, if they were to turn to the English "Who's Who" for enlightenment, they would be baffled, for the nearly 2,500 pages of that prodigious handbook find no space for any reference to him. Yet, in his "A Modern History of the English People," of which Small, Maynard & Co. are the American publishers, Mr. Gretton has made an im-

portant and brilliant contribution to contemporary history which must be immediately conceded a place by the side of the late Justin M'Carthy's "History of Our Own Times." In a way, it may be accepted as supplementing Mr. M'Carthy's work, for it is brought down to a more recent date; but, in so far as it covers the same period, it cannot be accounted superfluous, for it is written from a different point of view and has a scope and breadth which give it a position of its own. Mr. Gretton has chosen the three decades from 1880 to 1910 as the period for his history. This has been a period not only of accomplished revolution, but of intense and still growing unrest,—in politics, in religion, in social life, in industry, in literature, and in pretty nearly all other departments of human activity; a period of damaged ideals and shifting currents of thought. It is perhaps to Mr. Gretton's experience as a journalist,—for he has been for a long time the London representative of the Manchester Guardian—that we owe the skill which he shows in following all these different threads and weaving them into a narrative of absorbing interest. Politics hold the central place, but not to the ignoring of any other activity of the period. It would be hard to find a more vivid picture of the England of to-day than is given in these two moderate-sized volumes.

Lovers and students of Shakespeare are not likely ever to forget the debt of gratitude which they owe to the late Dr. Horace Howard Furness, editor of the Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, for the more than forty years of close and sympathetic study which he devoted to the preparation of that truly monumental work. It was only a little more than a year ago that death removed him from the library in which he had collected more than seven thousand volumes as material for his researches, and from the desk where it had been his habit to spend ten hours daily, year after year, in the congenial work to which he had dedicated his life. It is not strange that a single life, although extended to the age of seventy-nine and active to the very last, should have proved insufficient for the carrying to completion so great a task; but it is a fortunate circumstance that Dr. Furness should have had a son, of the same name as himself and of the same tastes and habits, who assisted him in the later years of his life, and who is devoting himself with ardor to carrying along the great undertaking to which his father gave his life. The two were strikingly alike in personal appearance as well as in tastes, and it seems to have been a matter of manifest destiny that the son should take up the father's work. Last year we had "Julius Cæsar," edited by the son with the same thoroughness and fulness as were shown in the father's work. Now we have "Cymbeline,"—the posthumous volume of the father's editing, brought to completion just before his death, and now published exactly as he left it except that an Index has been added. The son uses as Foreword an extract from a note which his father wrote him, August 10, 1912, three days before he died, explaining briefly the stage in which the work then was. Dr. Furness's own Preface, in which he made characteristic comments upon the jarring intrusions of some unknown interpolator, is in his best vein, and illustrates both the breadth and the genial quality of his scholarship. With the exception of the articles on the stage history of the play, actors' interpretations, and the list of books consulted there are all the usual aids to study which are to be found in the earlier volumes of this edition. The present volume is the eighteenth of the series. J. B. Lippincott Co.